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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Wanderer's Legacy; a Collection of Poems, on various Subjects.* By Catharine Grace Godwin, late Catharine Grace Garnett. Post 8vo. pp. 277. London, 1828. Maund.

THE readers of the *Literary Gazette* must well recollect the elegant little productions of Mrs. Godwin's pen, which have occasionally graced our "Poet's Corner." This lady is, we understand, the younger daughter of the late Dr. Garnett, the author of "Zoonomia," "Observations on a Tour through the Highlands of Scotland," &c. At the period of the foundation of the Royal Institution, Dr. Garnett, who had been educated first under the celebrated Dawson of Sedburgh, and afterwards at the University of Edinburgh, was professor of physics and philosophy at Anderson's Institution, in Glasgow. Such were his scientific attainments, and such was his reputation, that, without the slightest solicitation on his part, the governors of the Royal Institution selected him to be the sole lecturer on those various and complicated subjects, the task of elucidating which has since been divided among several able and accomplished persons. For two or three years Dr. Garnett acquitted himself in this arduous situation highly to the satisfaction of his numerous and fashionably-attended classes; but, being a man of very independent spirit, the unjust and presuming conduct of one of the leading governors of the institution (now no more), at length induced him to resign a post, which, advantageous as it was in a worldly point of view, he could not retain without a compromise of self-esteem. He then commenced practice in London as a physician; and his knowledge and skill, united with the amiableness of his character, and the singular frankness and simplicity of his manners, were rapidly introducing him into an extensive and lucrative connexion; when, in the prime of life, he fell a victim to his benevolence, in attending a poor family attacked by typhus fever. Dr. Garnett left two orphan children, for Mrs. Garnett had died a few years before. They were intrusted to the care of a kind and attached female friend, who retired with them to their father's native place, Barbon, a secluded little village, near Kirby-Lonsdale, in Westmoreland. In this village they both continued to reside until they had attained to womanhood, and it is still the home of Mrs. Godwin. It is not surprising that in so beautiful and romantic a country, and surrounded by every circumstance calculated to operate powerfully upon the youthful fancy, the germ of poetical genius, which disclosed itself early in the life of the fair author of the poems now under our notice, should have gradually expanded, until it arrived at a rich and luxuriant maturity. Of her first publication, "The Night before the Bridal, Sappho, and other Poems," we spoke, soon after its appearance, with the praise which it deserved. Her present work raises Mrs. Godwin still more in

our estimation. In addition to splendour of imagination, copiousness of diction, beauty and variety of imagery, and rare facility and harmony of versification, the volume is imbued with a depth of thought, and a strength of feeling, which indicate a mind of a very superior order,—a mind capable of producing "what the world will not willingly let die."

The volume opens with an "Invocation." It is a noble and enthusiastic little composition; and as it affords a fair specimen of Mrs. Godwin's powers, we will give nearly the whole of it.

"Beautiful Spirit! that didst guard of old  
The song-inspiring fount of Castale—  
Thou, unto whom supremacy is given  
And sway o'er realms of boundless intellect;  
Light of the lonely, solace of the sage,  
Beneath whose influence e'en the dungeon smiles,  
And earth's worst desert fair as Eden blooms,  
To whom are offered pure the unsuited thoughts,  
Warm aspirations, and the rare first-fruits  
Born of young Genius, when her spring-tide teems  
With rich imaginings—To whom belongs  
The glorious harvest of maturer years;  
Enchantress! at whose magic touch the mines  
Where Memory keeps her deathless stores, fling wide  
Their golden gates, and all their wealth disclose—  
Call, from the depths of ocean and of earth,  
And from the blue ethereal element,  
Enchantress Queen! call up thy mighty spells!  
If on some silver-crested wave thou float'st,  
Lifting the genii secrets murmured low  
Beneath the surges,—or if yet thou hold'st  
Thy moonlight vigils midst the laurel groves  
Girding the Delphian mount;—or if on wing,  
All redolent of heaven's immortal breeze,  
And radiant as the Iris' hues, thou glidest  
Among the stars, winning new splendour thence,—  
Or heavenward, earthward bent, my vows receive.  
Spirit! that deign'st to hover o'er my path,  
When in the twilight gleam of some deep dell,  
Or Naisad-haunted spring, I wander forth  
To hold communion with the peering stars;  
Or on the voiceless shore I pause, to view  
The round moon fling her bright reflection far  
Upon the crystal waves; or clambering thence  
Along the rock-gout's steep and dangerous way,  
Where toppling crags hang o'er the billowy main  
Their fortress rude, I mark the sun descend  
From his cloud-canopied Olympian throne,  
His regal brow all filleted with fire;  
Spirit! presiding then—pervading all—  
Seen in the sunset—breathed in all the airs  
That wander through the summer-tinted groves;  
Felt in the balmy influence of those tears  
Wept by the heavens o'er Day's deserted fane;  
Spirit of Poesie!—on thee I call."

If this is not very exquisite poetry, we acknowledge that we do not know what is. "The Wanderer's Legacy" thus sweetly commences:—

"The sun was setting o'er the mountain range  
That guards thy glens, romantic Borrowdale;  
O'er day's deep azure came a wondrous change  
Wherein all hues of splendour did prevail,  
From the rich ruby to the taper pale;  
And one cloud floating on the eastern air,  
With golden prow and amethystine sail,  
Shew'd like a ship of heaven bound onward, where  
Flamed the broad west beneath the sunset glare.  
Twilight fell o'er the deep autumnal woods,  
Veiling their tints in eve's mysterious gray,  
Twilight was on wild crags and mountain floods,  
Save where some torrent flung its silver spray  
Bright in the beam of the retiring day.  
The pastoral hamlet slept in calm repose,  
With cottage, byre, and farm-yard's neat array,  
And neighbouring kirk, whose vesper chime arose  
Soft on the breath of evening's quiet close.  
And other sounds were heard commingling sweet:  
Wild brook that tinkled down the mossy dell,  
Call of returning kine, or fitful blast  
Of flocks that browsed on highland heath, and fell,  
Or bark of guardian dog who watch'd them well

Or, nearer home, the red-breast's mellow note,  
Piping to eve his eloquent farewell;  
Or voice of infant mirth, while young hands float  
Down the clear stream their fairy acorn-boat."

To this romantic scene, the home of his youthful days, "a gray-haired wanderer,"

"a toll-worn, venerable man,  
In humble guise, although of travelled mien,  
With meditative brow, and visage wan,  
In whose deep eye immortal thoughts were seen,"

returns. His reflections, as he gazes at the well-known objects around him, are full of beauty, and of patriotic feeling.

"Land of my sires! oh, with what chaste love  
My soul, unwearied, dispassionate, and free,  
Guided by some kind angel from above,  
Returns with filial gratitude to thee!  
Here would I wait my Maker's great decree—  
Walk these wild hills whereon my fathers trod,  
And, as the leaf beside the parent tree  
Lays its pale form, so nigh you house of God  
Would I repose beneath the hallow'd sod.  
And well may life moor here her shatter'd bark,  
From hence the sail'd when youth was at the prow;  
The dove sought shelter in the sacred Ark,  
Scared by the perils she had view'd below.  
Within these glens the citron's golden glow  
Crests not the grove by southern breezes blown,  
Yet would I challenge earth's wide realm to show  
A spot that bears the stamp of Beauty's brow,  
More deep than thine, my own, my native soil.  
And thou art free—the glided orient wave,  
Albeit perfumed by India's spicy gales,  
Floats round the country of the crouching slave,  
Where rapine prowls, and tyranny prevails:  
But here, in Albion's green and peaceful vale,  
Man with his fellow mortal proudly copes;  
No despot's will the peasant's home assails,  
Nor stalks th' oppressor o'er his pastoral slopes,  
Nor reaps the stranger's hand the harvest of his hopes."

Finding that the lapse of years has deprived him of all his kindred and friends, he retires to a peaceful hermitage, where he passes

"the quiet autumn of his age  
In such pursuits as whiled the hours away:  
From Wanderer grown to Anchorite and Sage,  
A moonlight eve closed manhood's chequer'd day."

In his cell, after his death, are discovered his tablets, on which are inscribed "The Wanderer's early Recollections;" forming the third and longest poem of the volume. The earlier portion of these Recollections, is the admirably detailed history of an ardent but uninformed mind, conscious of the existence of unattained knowledge, and panting for its acquisition. We can quote only a few short and detached passages.

"My youth hath been in quiet musings spent,  
My very childhood gar'd itself in thoughts.  
That were of riper years. My whole life since  
Hath been a maze of marvel, and delight  
In all the gifts wherewith the hand divine  
Hath deck'd this mortal dwelling-place of man.  
I well remember me, ere language flow'd  
In unison with the mind's eloquence,  
How my heart, labouring with its feelings deep,  
Seeking in words some utterance of its joy,  
Rejected alway with a vexed disdain  
The guise uncouth in which the precious ore  
Was issued from the mine; for harmony,  
Though unattained, was in my heart instinct:  
I felt her presence in the haunts I loved—  
She foster'd round me in the summer's gales;  
I saw her impress on the mountain peaks;  
The groves, the glades, with her voice resonant,  
Whisper'd her accents to the murmuring brooks.  
The poetry of Nature then was felt,  
Albeit not yet distinctly understood.  
I only knew that my aspirations soar'd  
Far, far above this earth's corporeal things;  
That my conceptions were beyond the scope  
Of my untaught and wild philosophy.  
All, all was mystery,—mine own sense of being—  
The restless, the restless tide of thought."

That roll'd for ever through my inmost soul,  
Was an enigma I could not resolve.

From me the book  
Of lore was long withheld. At length 'twas open;  
The tide roll'd freely o'er my thirsty soul,  
The ban of ignorance was taken away,  
A veil was lifted from my darken'd eyes.

Athwart my path a ray of sunlight fell—  
Imagination,—that in guise untrick'd  
By cunning arts of the world's fashioning,  
Had been the mistress of my constant love,  
E'en from those boyish days when first I woo'd  
With rustic boldness her capricious smiles  
Upon the summer hills,—came to me now,  
Deck'd in the gorgeous thoughts and stately rhymes  
Of England's gifted bards; to whose sweet songs  
My mind, affrighted at severer lore,  
Had haply then almost unwitting turn'd;  
A spell came o'er me when those tones I oped;  
Mine own wild visions, all depicted clear,  
I recognised through every line disparted,  
Clad in the measure of harmonious verse,  
And flowing on in cadence musical,  
Adapted skillfully in frequent change,  
Yet with strict unity symphonious still  
To each new-born emotion of the soul.  
These, for the first time, opening on my sense,  
Seem'd the soft language of a lovelier world.

When spake from out the brown autumnal woods  
The solemn voice of the expiring year,  
Calling on man his spirit to attune  
To the calm cadence of his parting hymn;  
When the serene leaf by equinoctial gales  
Was wafted with a sound scarce audible  
To the lone harbour of some sheltering nook;  
When summer brooks, swollen by the latter rains,  
Did gush forth with a fuller melody;  
When all day long upon the mountain peaks  
The fleecy clouds in denser wreaths reposed,  
And all around, tintur'd with graver hues,  
The sober livery of the season shew'd;  
Then would my heart its deepest sense confess  
Of thy immortal verse, O bard inspired!  
Whose holy harpings wak'd the wondrous song  
Of Eden's fair, but sin-polluted, bowers.  
The majesty of Nature, veiled in gloom,  
The melancholy light of her last smiles—  
All emblematic of departed joy,  
My mind with kindred pensive moods imbued.  
In the first blush of renovated bloom  
Worn by awakening spring, when bees of flowers  
Grow azure, and a zephyr's airy sports  
All the long day on the elastic air;  
When birds pour forth their choral songs, and scarce  
Relax from their sweet toil through the brief hours  
Of night's diminish'd sway; when from the depths  
Of heaven's clear azure, the young moon of May  
Through the green glades a glancing love-light sends,  
Undim'd, save that some gauzy cloud may float  
Like sail of fairy bark athwart her track;  
When o'er the earth a great enchantment rules,  
Joying in nature's metamorphosis,  
The visible working of his vernal wand,  
That well in times of old might be ascribed  
To power of fay benign or genius good—  
In that sweet time, the blithest of the year,  
The heart of man, attempt'd to glad thoughts,  
Feels all its pulses beat in unison  
With life's reviving call: then would my mind,  
Abandon'd to the passionate romance  
Of the soft season, yield its sense up  
To the illusions of the poet's dream;  
Wander with fair Titania o'er the meads,  
And through the moon-lit forests resonant  
With laugh of mischief-loving elves; no maze,  
How'er fantastic, by thy spells conjur'd,  
Mædian grove of Avon's gentle shores!  
Fad'd to ensure the homage of my heart—  
The humblest mite of all the grateful praise  
Admiring ages shall to thee accord  
For a rich banquet stored with rarest cases  
Which thy unrival'd genius hath disparted.  
Nor let me here withhold thy due award,  
O courtly minstrel! whose kind Fairy Queen  
Led my entranced steps through many a bower  
And sylvan haunt so wondrously bedight,  
None but a poet's eye might image it;  
Nor could the splendid hues wherein all things  
Were steep'd thy fertile fancy did create,  
Have flow'd from aught but an inspired source.  
I love the graceful chivalry that hath garb'd  
Woman's fair form in attributes so bright,  
She may be placed in man's adoring mind,  
Upon a pedestal, his baser thoughts  
Dare not profane. Mine ear receives  
The stately measure of those antique rhymes  
With a most deep delight. Whenever I  
Do syllable in memory's trance thy verse,  
It seems to me as if a thousand lutes  
Of fairy sweetness, touch'd by hands unseen,  
With melody filled all the air around;  
Or that I heard some river lapse away  
In liquid music o'er Arabian plains.

The latter part of the Recollections exhibits equal poetical power; but we own that

we do not think the subject,—the caprice of a heartless coquette, and its effects on her lover,—deserves the talent bestowed upon it. *Materiem superabat opus.*

The next poem, "The Seal Hunters," creates a striking and delightful diversity. Mrs. Godwin paints the rigours of the polar regions with a masterly pencil. One would think she had accompanied Captain Parry in his northern expeditions. Hark! the very verse rattles away like a shower of hail.

" Loud howl'd the wind on Finland's shore;  
High rose the hoarse and sullen roar  
Of forests, whose continuous line  
Of gnarled oak and giant pine,  
Clothed mountain, valley, plain.  
Dark cliffs that beetled o'er the deep,  
Guarding the ocean's spell-bound sleep,  
Rear'd up their dark, mysterious forms,  
And look'd the genii of the storms,  
Ruling the drear domain.  
And, bursting from its icy thrall,  
Down dash'd the cataract's thundering fall,  
Midst cavern'd rocks, whose depths are known  
But to the eddying waves alone,  
In their remote bound.  
No gleam illum'd the sunless air;  
Huge clouds, that sail'd stupendous there,  
Successively gaunt shadows threw  
On ocean's cold and rigid blue;  
Deep twilight reign'd around.  
Further than human eye could reach,  
Came floating tow'ards that stormy beach  
Ice-shoals, and icelets rude,  
Whose frost-built valleys image forth  
The gloomy horrors of the North  
In all their amplitude.  
Tall lowering peaks, that wore the dyes  
Of those severe but glorious skies,  
Like infant Alps or Andes rose  
Serene though stern in their repose;  
Till from the ice of ages rent,  
By ocean's unchain'd element,  
Chaotic on their course they're hurld,  
Like monsters of an earlier world."

This fine commencement is as finely followed up. The adventures of two young and gallant Finlanders, their voyage through the stormy Arctic Sea, their disembarkation (we had nearly said landing) on an iceberg, the drifting and destruction of their frail boat, their suffering and despair, and their ultimate deliverance, are told with a truth, a pathos, and an energy, which will greatly surprise as well as gratify the reader.

We must postpone any further description of this highly interesting volume; but if we can (having borrowed from it a space for the recollection of Dr. Garnett), we will, perhaps, allow it a sequel notice.

*Letters from the West: containing Sketches of Scenery, Manners, and Customs; and Anecdotes connected with the first Settlements of the Western Sections of the United States.* By the Hon. Judge Hall. 8vo. pp. 385. London, 1828. Colburn.

ANOTHER American overflow of conceit. We have no doubt the Americans are what they proclaim—a new-world people, of a superior order, and all that; but we quarrel with their taste for so loudly and so eternally proclaiming their own merits. It is young! Little boys and girls do the same; not grown-up, and stout bodily and mental people. Perhaps, however, it is scarcely fair to form an opinion of a people from a work like that before us,—flippant, full of quotations from songs as an Irish speech, and also evidently written but for one side of the Atlantic. Our only extract will be a short narrative—the wonderful escape of a trapper.

"As these adventurers usually draw their food as well as their raiment from nature's spacious warehouse, it is customary for one or two hunters to precede the party in search of game, that the whole may not be forced at night to lie down supperless. The rifle of

Hugh Glass being esteemed as among the most unerring, he was on one occasion detached for supplies. He was a short distance in advance of the party, and forcing his way through a thicket, when a white bear, that had imbedded herself in the sand, arose within three yards of him; and before he could 'set his triggers,' or turn to retreat, he was seized by the throat and raised from the ground: casting him again upon the earth, his grim adversary tore out a mouthful of the cannibal food which had excited her appetite, and retired to submit the sample to her yearling cubs, which were near at hand. The sufferer now made an effort to escape, but the bear immediately returned with a re-inforcement, and seized him by the shoulder: she also lacerated his arm very much, and inflicted a severe wound on the back of his head. In this second attack the cubs were prevented from participating, by one of the party who had rushed forward to the relief of his comrade. One of the cubs, however, forced the new-comer to retreat into the river, where, standing to the middle in the water, he gave his foe a mortal shot, or, to use his own language, 'I burst the varment.' Meantime the main body of trappers having arrived, advanced to the relief of Glass, and delivered seven or eight shots, so well directed as to terminate hostilities, by despatching the bear as she stood over her bleeding victim. Glass was thus providentially snatched from the grasp of the ferocious animal; yet his condition was far from being enviable: he had received several dangerous wounds, his whole body was bruised and mangled, and he lay weltering in his blood, in exquisite torment. To procure surgical aid, now so desirable, was impossible; and to remove the sufferer was equally so: the safety of the whole party, being now in the country of hostile Indians, depended on the celerity of their movements. To remove the lacerated and scarcely breathing Glass seemed certain death to him—to the rest of the party such a measure would have been fraught with danger. Under these circumstances, Major Henry, by offering an extravagant reward, induced two of his party to remain with the wounded man until he should expire, or recover sufficient strength to bear removal to some of the trading establishments in that country. They remained with their patient five days, when, supposing his recovery to be no longer possible, they cruelly abandoned him, taking with them his rifle, shot-pouch, and all appliances, leaving him no means of making fire or procuring food. These unprincipled wretches proceeded on the trail of their employer; and when they overtook him, reported that Glass had died of his wounds, and that they had interred him in the best manner possible. They produced his effects in confirmation of their assertions, and readily obtained credence. But poor Glass was not 'a slovenly, unhandsome corpse'; nor was he willing to yield without a struggle to the grim king of terrors. Retaining a slight hold upon life, when he found himself abandoned, he crawled with great difficulty to a spring, which was within a few yards. Here he laid ten days subsisting upon cherries that hung over the spring, and grains de bœufs, or buffalo-berries, which were within his reach. Acquiring by slow degrees a little strength, he now set off for Fort Kiawa, a trading post, on the Missouri river, about three hundred and fifty miles distant. It required no ordinary degree of fortitude to crawl to the end of such a journey, through a hostile country, without fire-arms, with scarcely strength to drag one

limb after another, and with almost no other subsistence than wild berries. He had, however, the good fortune one day to be 'in at the death of a buffalo calf,' which was overtaken and slain by a pack of wolves. He permitted the assailants to carry on the war, until no signs of life remained in their victim, and then interfered and took possession of the 'fatted calf;' but as he had no means of striking fire, we may infer that he did not make a very *prodigal* use of the veal thus obtained. With indefatigable industry, he continued to crawl until he reached Fort Kiawa."

Were we inclined to censure, censure would be of little moment to our author: we will conclude with his estimate of fame:—"You will remind me, I dare say, of posterity; but, in the language of a merry neighbour of mine, I reply, 'Hang posterity! what did posterity ever do for me!' So I shall write when I please, and court the girls when I can." Vulgarity can hardly go further.

*An Historical and Descriptive Account of the Royal Palace of Eltham.* By John Chessell Buckler. 8vo. pp. 108. London, 1828. Nichols and Son.

WE are much pleased with the manner in which Mr. Buckler has completed a task of no trifling difficulty. Not only has he performed all he professed to do, but something more: for his little volume contains an essay on English architecture, of considerable interest. The character of the work will be best exemplified by quoting the author's own words. Of Eltham Mr. Buckler says:—

"In the design of this palace was observed the rule of limiting the elevation to two stories; and there are not many examples of a third range of apartments below the roof. The lower floor sometimes comprised the hall, which, in this case, admitted of no particular distinction; for example: the halls of the ancient mansions at Congresbury in Somersetshire, and Aishbury in Berkshire. At Methley, the seat of the Earl of Mexborough, in addition to the lofty hall, appears a story with handsome bow-windows; but it is to be observed, that this singular arrangement has occasioned an unusual height of building, and that no part of the hall, excepting the porch and arches within, are prior to the age of Elizabeth. In buildings of great or small extent, this judicious rule was strictly followed, and Lord Burlington has proved, in another style of architecture, that grandeur of design is not incompatible with an elevation comprising only two ranges of apartments. The distance between the hall and the wall washed by the moat on the west side, is sixty feet; and it will be observed, that though throughout the western boundary the very ancient stone basement remains, yet, from the level of the enclosed ground, the superstructures of both extremes have been rebuilt of brick; but not so the middle space, consisting of about one third the whole extent: hence there is reason to suppose that, with the great hall, the building joined to its western extremity, of stone, of the same age and the same architecture, retained without abatement, till the period of its destruction, its beauty and fair proportions. Two bold but imperfect buttresses distinguish the part of the wall here described; and the care with which these supports were constructed is evident in the excellence of the workmanship and the soundness of the material. The ground rooms of this building were occupied for the *pantry, the spicery, and my lord chancellor's*

buttery. King Henry the Seventh, who resided much at Eltham, and, as appears by a record in the Office of Arms, most commonly dined in the great hall, rebuilt the front of the palace next the moat, that is, the west, or principal front, which extended full three hundred and eighty feet; and havoc rested from its unworthy toils before it had exterminated all traces of the Tudor building therein referred to. Eltham Palace exhibited the same partial, though not inconsiderable, re-edification which very few mansions of remote antiquity escaped. The spirit of improvement often, and not unfrequently the love of variety, influenced these changes; and the taste with which they were sometimes made, may, without presumption, be questioned, especially where we observe the mutilation of an elegant feature for the accommodation of one destitute of merit as a specimen of architecture, and of propriety on the score of convenience. How far Eltham Palace warranted these observations, must remain doubtful; but, referring to the alterations which in former times were made in ancient buildings, I may remark, that the hall more commonly retained its original character than any other part of the mansion. This might have been on account of its dimensions, which were always ample; and where no improvement in convenience could be made, none was desired, if attainable, in the architecture. Certainly no improvement in this respect would have followed an alteration of the hall at Eltham. Henry the Seventh could not have produced in its stead a building with excellencies of so high an order as were commanded by Edward the Fourth. If talent had not greatly diminished, the style of architecture on which it was exercised claimed merit rather for the profusion and delicacy of its ornaments, than for the boldness and beauty of its proportions."

Again: "King Henry the Seventh's building, which the record calls 'handsome,' doubtless partook of the character which distinguished the best designs of that and the succeeding reign, so celebrated for their generous encouragement of architecture. The same spirit which guided Edward the Fourth in the building of his palace, seems to have descended without diminution to his royal successor. Angular or circular bay-windows, variously clustered, are the predominant features. The specimen adjoining Queen Elizabeth's gallery in Windsor Castle, is of unrivalled magnificence, and the forms there observable have been adopted on the sides of Henry the Seventh's Chapel. Wolsey has preserved the same rich and elegant character in the great west gateway of his college in Oxford; and the Duke of Buckingham also combined the forms alluded to in two superb bay-windows, each comprehending two stories, in the splendid south front of his castle at Thornbury. That windows of the kind here described, and of which I have enumerated several of the grandest specimens now remaining, once distinguished the western facade of Eltham Palace, is more than probable. The basement of a bay-window, consisting of an oblong square, 12½ feet wide, and 4½ in bulk, with a wall of a triangular shape in front, is a very interesting relic among these scanty ruins. But this is not a solitary feature; it stands between four other solid masses, the basements of towers, bay-windows, or chimney shafts, and assumes the appearance of uniformity, though wanting in exactness of dimensions. This range, measuring ninety feet, joins the south angle; on which aspect, the extreme tower appears in the same pro-

portions as towards the west; and at the distance of twenty feet there is another tower, of nearly equal size, between which and the bridge, the wall is levelled to the foundation. I have before observed, that the old plan denotes no buildings on the south side, but at the extreme angle next the west it defines a cluster prominent enough to stretch nearly across the moat. These are described as the lodgings of the lord chancellor. There are no fragments of walls to determine the extent of the south front from the west angle, but the vaults which still remain under-ground, if not capacious drains, were used for cellars, and have had buildings over them. But these subterranean rooms are not now so easy of access as they were formerly; one has been partly, and several entirely, closed up. Two on the west side still remain open, and one towards the south, originally sixty feet long, is now a convenient receptacle for garden implements. All these vaults, excepting the last, are about three feet wide, and six feet high to the crown of the arch. The principal one, facing the west, extends fifty feet under ground; but the one adjoining, and that towards the south, merit description. The former extends twenty-five feet from the entrance, and consists of three members, altogether resembling the Roman I. The middle space measures ten feet four inches by four feet. The outer division contains the staircase, which formerly communicated with the apartments above; and the inner, a deeply recessed arch, between which and the vault is an aperture in the roof twenty-four inches by twenty, framed with stone, and doubtless once concealed by a trap-door. The door of the latter, or south vault, appears between the towers before noticed, and its course is singularly irregular, varying in width from four to six feet, four feet three inches, and four feet nine inches. In the left or west wall is an arched recess, five feet wide, and four deep; and further on, a small recess or niche. But a square aperture in the roof near the outer doorway is the object of primary interest. It is neatly formed, and large enough to admit the passage of an individual, and seems to justify the vulgar tales of adventures by means of secret passages, which attach to this and many other celebrated old houses. \* \* \*

"The beauty of Henry the Seventh's building towards the west might occasion no regret at the change which that sovereign made in the architecture of his palace at Eltham; but with wood and plaster it was not possible to excel the general character here given, that of the commonest domestic style, though it appeared with the enrichments of older architecture. This fragment of the building, dividing the area from east to west, stands between the hall and the eastern boundary, twelve yards apart from the former, and nearly the same distance from the latter, which space is now covered with sheds and outhouses, on the foundations of rooms connected with the kitchens, which occupied a large space on the eastern boundary; the remainder of the side having had lodging-rooms, which, it appears, went to decay in the next reign. \* \* \*

"The hall was the master feature of the palace. With a suite of rooms at either extremity, it rose in the centre of the surrounding buildings, as superior in the grandeur of its architecture as in the magnificence of its proportions and the amplitude of its dimensions. This fair edifice has survived the shocks which, at different periods, laid the palace low. Destruction has reached its very walls, and the hand



of wanton mischief has dared to injure where it could not destroy; but still the hall of Eltham palace has not, with the exception of the louver, been entirely deprived of its smallest constituent feature. Its north and south sides were both open to quadrangles. Their architecture corresponded precisely, excepting that the south parapet was plain, while that on the other side, facing the principal gate of entrance, was embattled, and the cornice enriched with sculptured corbels.

"Now that the building needs repair—after serving its degraded purpose for more than a century, and standing by its original strength, for no substantial repairs have in modern times been bestowed upon it, or any care taken to protect its walls from violence,—it is condemned as old and useless, and must no longer cumber the ground. This fate hangs over the last grand relic of Eltham palace; a fate which might be averted by the application of one of the many thousands which are annually voted for the monstrous inventions of modern architects, called palaces. Millions are exhausted to rear monuments in proof of the bad taste of the age, and the abundance it has yet to learn before it attains a knowledge of the grand and sublime in architecture, at the same time that a few hundreds, judiciously applied, would secure for the admiration of after-times a building that has been admired and neglected in our own, and which posterity may have more taste or greater ability to consult as a model than ourselves.

"This building furnishes a strong proof of the scientific powers of former architects; it shews how accurately they calculated between the support and the weight supported; and though we look with some surprise at the thinness of the walls which have for so many centuries upheld the vast roof of timber, yet we must be satisfied that it was an undertaking of no temerity, since the walls would still have stood as erect as when first built, if the external covering of the roof had not been wholly neglected, or only imperfectly repaired; and so far from exhibiting a fissure through decay, it is difficult in some parts to trace the joints in the masonry; nor is the carved work less perfect.

"King Edward the Fourth is the first sovereign on record who is mentioned as having built any part of Eltham palace. He, we are informed, to his great cost, repaired his house at Eltham." And though no part of the building is here particularly named, yet the architecture of the hall bears the stamp of his age, namely, the last half of the fifteenth century; and further, one of the well-known badges of this monarch is a conspicuous ornament in the spandrels of the north entrance. I have before described it as a *rose en soleil*; it is carved with the utmost delicacy, is shewn in the title-page, and is precisely similar to one drawn on a contemporary manuscript in the records of the British Museum."

In a postscript, Mr. Buckler informs us that parliament has not been appealed to in vain. The hall is now undergoing partial restitution; but that it is still to be used as a barn! We are, however, grateful, and so will the public be, to ministers for rescuing this splendid monument of art from total destruction; and it is not too much to say that the *Literary Gazette* has been in no slight degree instrumental to its preservation.

\* "Since this was written, the badge of Edward the Fourth has been noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 600, p. 460."

*Time's Telescope*, for 1829; or, a *Complete Guide to the Almanack*, &c. &c. Published annually. Sherwood and Co.

Or this judicious and useful annual volume we have ever been called upon to speak in terms of well-merited commendation; nor does its present appearance deteriorate from the high character of the preceding years. It is indeed a very pleasant miscellany, combining in an eminent degree the *utile et dulce*. The regular almanack intelligence is agreeably relieved by illustrations of antiquities and obsolete customs, brief contemporary biographies are interspersed, and astronomy and natural history form conspicuous features; so that nothing can be more various and amusing than the objects reflected in *Time's Telescope*.

The frontispiece, from Teniers, is a perfect gem in its style of engraving; and there are numerous wood-cuts of birds, fishes, and rural and fancy subjects, from drawings of eminent artists (including Clennell), some of which are of the foremost order in this agreeable class of art. Altogether, while the more showy Annuals are levying contributions over the land upon all persons of taste or intellect, this more unpretending work is truly entitled to a full share of encouragement, not only from the same patrons, but from those who desire to unite instruction with literary recreation. We select two or three extracts as containing the greatest novelty to us; but the component parts are too much diversified to admit of our exhibiting specimens of all the kinds—original poetry, memoirs, recollections, anecdotes, quotations, &c. &c. &c. The annexed are all we can readily detach.

The following curious letter, extracted from the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum, was written by Edwin Sandys, Bishop of Worcester, to Sir W. Cecil (afterwards Lord Burghley), on the occasion of presenting him with a *curious clock*, which formerly belonged to King Edward VI.:

"What way I may declare any part of my bounden Dente towards you, for the manifold benefite received, certainlie I wote not. For as ye have bene the meane to bringe me into the place of honestie, from malice, whiche mynded to Impeache yt, which benefitt of all others I esteame the most, and can no otherwise recompense, but onlie by bearing of good will, which when seasonable tymes will make bud forth and yelde fruyt, ye may of right clame the same as youre owne. Suche ys the barrennes of this contrie that yt bringith nothing forth fitt to remember you withall, and therfor I am bold to present you with an olde clock, in the stead of a New Yeares Gift. Which I trust ye will the rather accept because yt was y<sup>e</sup> olde Masters of happy memorie, K. Edwards, and afterwards y<sup>e</sup> lovinge and learned brothers Mr. Cheekes, and synes hys who thinkith him self in many respectes most bounden unto you; whois prayer ye shall euer have, whois service ye may euer use: as knowith the Almighty; who grant you many happie yeares with much increase in the knowledge of Christ unto whois mercifull governance I commend you, from my house at Hartillbury, this 23 December, 1563.

Y<sup>e</sup> in Christ most bounde,  
ED. WIGORN."

In Aubrey's *Gentilism*, another MS. in the Lansdowne Collection, is the following printed advertisement, apparently cut out of an old almanack:—

"Marriage comes in on the 13th day of January, and at *Septuagesima Sunday* it is

out again until *Low Sunday*, at which time it comes in again, and goes not out until *Rogation Sunday*; thence it is forbidden until *Trinity Sunday*, from whence it is unforbidden till *Advent Sunday*; but then it goes out, and comes not in again till the 13th day of *January* next following."

As a variety to these antiquarian researches, we add—

*The Influence of a Flower.*—"There are many brief incidents and apparently trivial events in our lives, that, at the moment of occurrence, are almost unnoticed; but which, from some association, make an impression on the memory at many periods of after-life, or may be remembered through existence with undiminished freshness; when others, of the most seeming interest at the time, fade from our recollections, or become abraded from the mind by a constant collision with the passing transactions of our days. It is in early life chiefly, perhaps entirely, that deep and indelible sensations of regard and affection are made; and impressions in those days are often recorded upon an unsullied tablet, that admits in after-hours of no erasure or superscription. How deep are our school-boy reminiscences! and the kindnesses received, and the friendships formed, at such periods, commonly constitute more enduring characters on our minds than all the after-occurrences, half-heartless transactions, perhaps, of later hours; when darker passions arise—ambition, avarice, self-interest, and cold reality, banish for ever the elysian ideas of youthful romance. There is a flower, the common *cowslip* of the fields, which, by reason of associations, for thirty years of my life I never saw without emotion; and though I might sanctify this feeling, I confess my belief that it has not contributed to the general happiness of my life: from reverence at first, it gradually became a disease, induced a morbid indifference, and undermined and destroyed the healthful sources of enjoyment.

"Towards the close of a most lovely spring day—and such a lovely one, to my fancy, has never beamed from the heavens since—I carelessly plucked a *cowslip* from a copse side, and gave it to Constance. 'Twas on that beautiful evening when she told me all her heart! as, seated on a mossy bank, she dissected, with downcast eyes, every part of the flower; chives, pointal, petal, all were displayed; though I am sure she never even thought of the class. My destiny through life I considered as fixed from that hour. Shortly afterwards I was called, by the death of a relative, to a distant part of England; upon my return, Constance was no more. The army was not my original destination; but my mind began to be enfeebled by hourly musing upon one subject alone, without cessation or available termination; yet reason enough remained to convince me, that, without change and excitement, it would degenerate into fatuity.

"The preparation and voyage to India, new companions, and ever-changing scenes, hushed my feelings, and produced a calm that might be called a state of blessedness—a condition in which the ignoble and inferior ingredients of our nature were subdued by the divinity of mind. Years rolled on in almost constant service; nor do I remember many of the events of that time, even with interest or regret. In one advance of the army to which I was attached, we had some skirmishing with the irregulars of our foe; the pursuit was rapid, and I fell behind my detachment, wounded and weary, in ascending a ghaat: resting in the jungle, with languid eyes fixed on the ground,



without any particular feeling but that of fatigue and the smarting of my shoulder, a *cousin* caught my sight! my blood rushed to my heart—and, shuddering, I started on my feet, felt no fatigue, knew of no wound, and joined my party. I had not seen this flower for ten years! but it probably saved my life,—a European officer, wounded and alone, might have tempted the avarice of some of the numerous and savage followers of an Indian army. In the cooler and calmer hours of reflection since, I have often thought that this appearance was a mere phantom, an illusion—the offspring of weakness: I saw it but for a moment, and too imperfectly to be assured of reality; and whatever I believed at the time seems now to have been a painting on the mind rather than an object of vision: but how that image started up, I conjecture not—the effect was immediate and preservative. This flower was again seen in Spain: I had the command of an advance party, and in one of the recesses of the Pyrenees, of the romantic, beautiful Pyrenees, upon a secluded bank, surrounded by a shrubbery so lovely as to be noticed by many—was a *cousin*. It was now nearly twenty years since I had seen it in Mysore: I did not start; but a cold and melancholy chill came over me; yet I might possibly have gazed long on this humble little flower, and recalled many dormant thoughts, had not a sense of duty (for we momentarily expected an attack) summoned my attentions to the realities of life: so, drawing the back of my hand across my eyes, I cheered my party with, 'Forward, lads!' and pursued my route, and saw it no more, until England and all her flowery meadows met my view: but many days and service had wasted life, and worn the fine edge of sensibility away:—they were now before me in endless profusion, almost unheeded, and without excitement: I viewed ~~not the cousin~~ when fifty, as I had done with the eyes of nineteen."

We offer no examples of the poetry, though there are many sweet pieces, to illustrate the seasons, both selected and original.

#### *The Golden Lyre.* London, Haas.

AMONG the other elegant little volumes which at this period of the year court attention as appropriate Christmas or New Year's gifts, is one, newly started, of a unique and peculiarly interesting character. This novelty is entitled *The Golden Lyre*; and, in the shape and size (though not the thickness) of the smaller *Annals*, contains specimens of the most popular poetry of the four great European countries—England, France, Germany, and Italy—printed in the original languages, and *altogether in gold*. The effect of this singular species of typography is very splendid; its peculiarity renders it additionally attractive; and the care bestowed on the selections is in character with that evidently required on the part of the printer—we had almost said *engraver*, for every page looks like a separate blazon.

The body of the work is introduced by the following brief address, explanatory of its nature and general objects:—

"Worthy to be printed in letters of gold," is a phrase usually employed to express our highest esteem and admiration of some remarkable essay of human virtue or genius. The present compilation—although containing extracts of various degrees of merit—will not, it is hoped, be thought undeserving such a splendid distinction; and, while it aspires to be useful to the young student of foreign languages, in the

formation and direction of his taste, may agreeably recall to the more advanced scholar some of the most delightful passages in the whole circle of poetical literature."

And this pledge has been redeemed:—the lover of English literature will find extracts from Byron, Campbell, Coleridge, James Montgomery, Rogers, Scott, Southey, and Wordsworth. Amongst the specimens of French poetry, we observe quotations—each of which forms a complete little piece in itself—from those eminent Gallic poets, Boileau and Voltaire; in addition to whom, are laid under contribution, Delille, Lamartine, Millevoe, and other beautiful writers of the present day, with whose productions it is high time those of our fellow-countrymen who are studying the French tongue should become acquainted. As there is no accomplishment more universally in vogue than the knowledge of this elegant language—which such even as cannot fluently speak, readily read—we are sure that no one will lay down the volume before us without having experienced a new delight, and acquired a fresh source of intellectual gratification, by the perusal of these charming fragments.

But the "march of intellect"—a term justly derided for its affectation, but a *thing* not the less real and progressive—has introduced, of late years, a more extensive desire—a thirst after information touching foreign lands, not limited within the boundary of the customs, peculiarities, and language, of our immediate continental neighbours, but taking a far wider sweep; and hence has arisen, among other indications, a stronger wish to cultivate both the German and Italian tongues.

To this fast-growing taste, the *Golden Lyre* likewise administers; and the book is rendered complete, as one harmonious specimen of European song, by the insertion of extracts from Göthe, Schiller, Tieck, Salis, &c.—names which are every day acquiring additional radiance amongst us, and which *must* continue to do so by the prescriptive and unalienable right of genius. The selections from Italian authors (Ariosto, Dante, Filicaja, Metastasio, Tasso, &c.) close the work, which has thus all the combined charm of novelty, variety, sweetness, and brevity.

#### *Milne's Essay on Comets.*

[Concluded from our last.]

THE question of the earth ever having been struck by a comet is discussed, and its probability maintained, from the physical revolutions which it must have undergone at some time. By an attentive investigation of the general features of the globe, Mr. Milne supposes that the collision of a comet, by which these physical changes were effected, must have taken place somewhere in the southern hemisphere. Having dismissed this point, that next brought under notice, is the probable period when a similar catastrophe will occur; and of all comets likely to produce this event, none is more so than the comet of Encke, which is now nightly expected to be visible, if not so already.

"Never removing from the sun to a greater distance than Pallas, and crossing the track of the earth, as well as that of every other planet below Pallas, more than sixty times in a century, it is from this comet chiefly that we have to apprehend the risk of a collision. It is found to be particularly liable to suffer perturbation from the attraction of Mercury, which it sometimes approaches so near as 360,000

miles. This circumstance has led some to apprehend that, at a future period, a collision may take place between this comet and Mercury; at all events, their frequent proximity will afford to astronomers the means of determining that planet's mass, which is not yet very accurately known. Concerning its approach to our own planet, Olbers has computed, that in the course of 88,000 years this comet will come as near to us as the moon; that in four millions of years it will pass at the distance of about 7700 geographical miles, when, if its attraction should equal that of the earth, the waters of the ocean will be elevated 13,000 feet, that is, above all the European mountains except Mont Blanc. The inhabitants of the Andes and the Himalaya mountains, therefore, would alone be able to escape such a deluge, which would probably leave upon our globe records of its occurrence, similar to those discoverable at the present day. After a lapse of 219 millions of years, according to the calculations of the same astronomer, an actual collision will take place between this comet and the earth, severe enough to shatter its external crust, alter the elements of its orbit, and annihilate the various species of animated beings dwelling on its surface.

Hence we may conclude that, in the course of 219 millions of years, our globe will certainly be smashed by a comet. I have remarked that Encke's comet approaches nearer the earth's orbit than any other yet discovered; and hence the probability is, that the fate which is thus demonstrated to be reserved for our globe, will be fulfilled by means of this particular comet. But such speculations, however striking the results, conduce to no practical advantage, and contribute little to the advancement of science. They afford astonishing proofs of the energy of man's intellectual power, by which he extends his vision to the horizon of the most distant futurity, and looks forward, it may be, with a feeling of complacent assurance, to those momentous events, which, from his knowledge of nature, he is enabled to foresee. But let him not rest too confidently on the verity of such anticipations. Astronomers have prophesied, it is true, the collision of a comet with the earth,—an event that will at once destroy the greater part of the human species; but any slight attraction, which, in calculating the movements of this comet, they have chanced to overlook, must invalidate all their conclusions, and render the prediction at once vain and futile: while, perhaps, some other comet, among the many thousands traversing the system, and following an orbit to us unknown, may, in the mean while, come in contact with our globe, and thus, without any warning of its approach, produce the same terrible effects, long before the expected period have arrived."

Mr. Milne has some curious ideas on comets considered as habitable bodies, and very ingeniously shews that there is no absurdity in the supposition, but that it is perfectly agreeable with the economy of the universe.

"If we estimate the intelligence of beings by the knowledge which their place in the universe is fitted to impart, we are compelled to regard the cometary inhabitants as of an order even superior to the creatures of the earth. When, for example, they find themselves passing through the midst of the satellites, those small bodies which we can scarcely discern with telescopes—or when they are brought so close to the planet Saturn that they can examine the wonderful phenomenon of his rings even with the naked eye—or when, at the perihelion passage, they are able to observe every thing on

the surface of the sun, that great luminary, the mysterious source of life, and light, and energy, to the system,—what spectacles of delightful contemplation must they enjoy, and what means of attaining an acquaintance with the works of nature, infinitely greater than any which we shall ever command! Traversing, as they do, the whole extent of that system of which the earth forms so insignificant a member, and directing their course far beyond its known limits into those regions of space, whose dark and unfathomable nature it will for ever baffle human penetration to explore, the beings who have their abode on comets must be familiar with many important truths of which we can obtain only a few casual glimpses, and witness such glorious and sublime displays of the manifold wonders of creation, as must afford to them the noblest conceptions of that Almighty Being by whose wisdom they were constructed, and by whose power they are still sustained."

Towards the conclusion very interesting matter is introduced relative to the origin of the planetary system, the idea of which was probably suggested by those nebulae which are not resolvable into stars, in the centre of each of which there is a nucleus of brightness, that may be termed the incipient sun, surrounded with attenuated matter, gradually coalescing into planetary globes.

"But the comets, on account of the striking peculiarities of their movements, could not possibly be reconciled to this hypothesis. The circumstance of their moving in every direction indiscriminately, sometimes nearly at right angles to the ecliptic, sometimes in a manner quite opposite to the course of the planets, proved that they could not possibly have had their origin, in common with them, in a solar atmosphere. The eccentricity of their orbits indicated that they come from, and probably originate in, a quarter of the heavens far beyond the limits of the solar atmosphere, or planetary spheres; while their highly attenuated nature, as shewn by various circumstances, render it probable that they must be formed by the local condensation of some medium diffused through celestial space." So that comets may be considered, according to this hypothesis, as strangers or visitors of the solar system, not of the same family nor generated by a similar process, but each forming a world by itself, and fulfilling its own separate functions in the great economy of nature. Mr. Milne introduces the opinions of Herschel and La Place, relative to the generation of comets—"that these are originally minute nebulae, which, by the continual approximation of their particles, have at length acquired such a degree of density, as to be capable of being attracted by the sun, and of describing an orbit of their own. As the nebulous mass approaches the sun, one result is the expansion of its parts, and their prolongation into what has been termed the tail: but another result, according to Herschel, and one no less important, is a gradual consolidation of the nebulous matter by the agency of the solar heat. 'It is admitted on all hands,' says he, 'that the act of shining denotes a decomposition, in which at least light is given out; but that many other elastic volatile substances escape at the same time, especially in so high a degree of rarefaction, is far from improbable. Since light then, certainly, and very likely other subtle fluids also, escape in great abundance during a considerable time before and after a comet's nearest approach to the sun, I look,' says Herschel, 'upon a perihelion passage in some degree as an act of consolidation.'"

Some objections may be made to this theory;

for, however rare this nebulous matter, and of a tenuity scarcely conceivable, it must move, in some small degree, in the direction towards which it is afterwards supposed to be attracted; consequently, among the 2,500 nebulae recorded, there would be, in some, a slow progressive motion detected—which has never been done: the theory is plausible, but it is at variance with many known peculiarities of comets, which are, it is highly probable, of the same origin as planets: the very great eccentricity of their orbits will account for many of the phenomena of cometary bodies. And might not another hypothesis be equally well raised, that this nebulous matter was the wreck and debris of former systems?

The rotation of comets on their axes is rather slightly referred to; though this point, if established, would tend to throw great light on their physical constitution. That some have this motion, there can scarcely be a doubt;—certain striking phenomena observed, cannot easily be referred to changes in either the envelope or nucleus of several comets that have appeared; the circumstance of the rotation of the tail of a comet, referred to in one of the notes, is exceedingly curious; the comets of 1811\* and 1825 had this peculiarity, to which we may add, that the latter was remarkable for its tail being distinctly bifid, the two great branches of which made an angle of 45° with each other:—this appearance was observed at Paramatta, in New South Wales, and near London, at the same time.

Mr. Milne, in his advertisement, indirectly apologises for not having studied elegance of composition, or glossed over his Essay with the gay colouring of fancy; but the following specimen will sufficiently prove that he can not only write with accuracy as to related facts, and with perspicuity as to mathematical reasoning, but also with considerable beauty and eloquence.

"When we contemplate the astonishing discoveries which this same pitiful creature, man, has effected, concerning the movements and origin of the heavenly bodies, as well as the extent and constitution of the planetary system, we are lost in wonder and admiration. Daring his feeble vision from the surface of his own globe, by means of the telescope he directs his inquiring eye to the farthest limits of creation; he examines other worlds moving in their various courses, at almost immeasurable distances from his own: he is able to discover the peculiarities of their orbits, and even to obtain intelligence respecting their physical structure. Those other bodies, the comets, which withdraw themselves far beyond the reach of perception, are not for that reason altogether lost to him. With the penetrating eye of science he can follow them through their mazy and eccentric courses, and exactly anticipate the period when, after ages have elapsed, they will again be witnessed by posterity returning to the centre of the system. These bodies may thus be regarded as the couriers of man, bringing information of various facts from the unexplored and unknown regions of space, which his own scanty and imperfect faculties could never directly obtain.

\* Very frequent mention is made of this comet in this Essay: the periodical times of the revolution of which, as determined by the following individuals, are

|                   |             |
|-------------------|-------------|
| Calandrelli ..... | 3056 years. |
| Bessel .....      | 3383        |
| Lemaur .....      | 4377        |
| Ferrer .....      | 3757        |

This disagreement in the periodical time is more apparent than real: in fact, it consists of a very minute difference in the eccentricity, a slight error in which produces a great one in the periodical revolution.

By aid of the vast stores of knowledge which man by such means has acquired, he is able to predict the great phenomena of the heavens long before their actual occurrence; he delineates the tracks which the countless orbs, rolling through space, will pursue for thousands of years; and can predict those terrible catastrophes arising from the crush of worlds, which will not only cause the annihilation of his species, but disorganise or alter the whole fabric of the system. Thus winging his adventurous way upon the resources of science, and rising to an acquaintance with the designs of Providence itself concerning the destinies of the world, man nobly vindicates the superiority of his lofty character! We behold the vigorous efforts of his soul, that vital principle in which his strength resides, struggling to free itself from this mortal coil,—elevating him far above his material nature; and even prolonging his existence to the remotest limits of time, by opening to his view a prospect of the future, as available and certain as his experience of the past."

There seems to be something exceptionable in the sentiment expressed towards the conclusion of the Essay (page 162), which represents man as a being "carried away by the stream of time, and launched at length into the gulf of oblivion." The expression is certainly unguarded, and, indeed, inconsistent with the sentiments conveyed in the passage just quoted, where the soul, that vital principle in which his strength resides, is represented as struggling to free itself from its mortal coil.

#### Nollekens and his Times.

[Fourth notice.]

THOUGH so extremely censurable for the spirit in which they are written, there are so many curious anecdotes and recollections in these volumes, that we offer no excuse for prolonging our review beyond our usual limits. Continuing to blacken the character of Nollekens (the bad Will-maker!) and his wife, Mr. Smith says:—"It is probable that Mrs. Nollekens never experienced that inexpressible delight which diffuses itself through the benevolent heart, when alleviating the wants of others; indeed, she would often remain at the window looking over the blind, and tantalising the piteous supplicants who every moment expected relief from her hand; and she would indulge in this practice, that passers-by might suppose the inhabitants of the mansion to be charitably inclined. One winter morning, when the weather was so severe that the blackbirds fell from the branches, two miserable men, almost dying for want of nourishment, implored her charitable aid; but little did the unhappy mendicants suppose that the only heart which sympathised in their afflictions was that of Betty in the kitchen, who silently crept up stairs and cheerfully gave them her mite. At this delicate rebuke, Mrs. Nollekens hastily opened the parlour-door, and vociferated, 'Betty! Betty! there is a bone below, with little or no meat on it; give it the poor creatures!' upon which, the one who had hitherto spoken, steadfastly looking in the face of his pale partner in distress, repeated, 'Bill, we are to have a bone with little or no meat on it.' When they were gone, the liberal-hearted Betty was seriously rated by her mistress, who was quite certain she would come to want. 'What good will your wages do you, child, if you give alms so often to such people? Doctor Johnson has done all our servants more injury by that constant practice of his, of giving charity, as it is

called, than he is aware of—and I shall take an opportunity of telling him so when I next see him at Sir John Hawkins's; and I know Sir John and all his family will be on my side, for they are far from being extravagant people.'—My worthy friend, the late Dr. Hill, assured me that a gentleman of the faculty, who lectured upon medical electricity, and gave advice gratis to the poor twice a week at his house in Bond Street, was visited by a woman dressed shabbily-genteel, who received the shock, until one of the patients informed the doctor that she was no less a person than Mrs. Nollekens, the wife of the famous sculptor. He was therefore determined to expose her the next day, by getting all the poor into the room before she was admitted; and what her shock was may easily be conceived, if we allow her to have possessed common feeling. When she was seated in the electrical chair, in the centre of the room, the doctor stood before her, and making her a profound bow, addressed her as Mrs. Nollekens. 'I wonder, madam,' said he, 'that a lady of your fortune, and the wife of a Royal Academician, could think of passing yourself off as a pauper; you, who ought to enable me to relieve these poor people: you are welcome, madam, to the assistance which I have given you; but I hope and trust that you will now distribute the amount of my fees from persons in your station, to your distressed fellow-creatures around you in this room.' Mrs. Nollekens, after this electrifying shock, distributed the contents of her purse, which, unfortunately on this occasion, amounted only to a few shillings; though she left the room with a promise to send more. After this reproof, however, she was noticed to dress a little better, and to walk with her high-caned parasol, as usual.

"Mr. Browne, one of Nollekens's old friends, after having received repeated invitations to 'step in and take pot-luck with him,' one day took him at his word. The sculptor apologised for his entertainment, by saying that, as it was Friday, Mrs. Nollekens had proposed to take fish with him, so that they had bought a few sprats, of which he was wiping some in a dish, whilst she was turning others on the gridiron."

Sure such a pair were never seen,  
So justly formed to meet by nature!

"One day, when Mr. Nollekens was walking in Cavendish Square, attended by his man Dodimy, he desired him to take up some spool which a boy had just thrown out of a beer-pot, observing that it would make a nice dinner for his dog Cerberus. 'Lord, sir! I take it up!' exclaimed Dodimy, 'what! in the sight of your friends, Lord Besborough and Lord Brownlow? See, sir, there's Mr. Shee looking down at you. No, sir, I would not do it, if you were even to scratch me!'"

The annexed seems hardly deserving of remembrance, except perhaps as relating to a distinguished ornament of our female literature, and inculcating the good lesson of humanity to animals.

"Mrs. Radcliffe's attention was one day arrested by a boy who stood silently weeping under the gateway of the little stable-yard, St. James's; he held a cord, to the end of which a most miserable spectacle of a dog was tied, shivering between him and the wall. She requested to know the cause of his grief, and the poor little fellow, after sobbing for some

time, with a modest reluctance stammered, 'My mo-mo-mo-another insists upon my hanging Fan; she won't keep her because her skin is bare. Don't touch her, ma'am, she has got the mange.' 'Well, my little fellow, if you will walk back with me, I will not only give you half-a-crown, but will keep your dog, and you shall come and see it.' When the poor animal was safely lodged at No. 5, Stafford-row, Pimlico, her new mistress placed her under proper care; and when she was again coated, she became excessively admired for her great beauty, and, being under the tuition of so amiable a protectress, she so improved in manners as to be often noticed by the late queen and the princesses, when walking with her mistress in Windsor Park, at the time Mrs. Radcliffe had a small cottage in the town. Miss Berry, my informant, who was greatly esteemed by Mrs. Radcliffe, related the following proof of Fan's good breeding and respect for a dog under superior protection. One of the princesses' dogs, a spaniel exactly of Fanny's size, caught one end of a long bone, at the moment Fan had found it, who, instead of snarling as a dog generally does when an interloper attempts to carry off a prize, very good-temperedly complied with the playfulness of the princess's dog, by continuing to walk by her side, just like two horses in a curriole, each holding the extreme end of the bone, to the no small amusement of the royal equestrians, who frequently recognised and noticed Mrs. Radcliffe as the authoress and Fanny's mistress."

Panton Betew, a picture-dealer, appears to have been an odd character:—"His dress differed from the general mode; he wore a loose dark-brown great-coat, with, generally, a red cloth waistcoat, black shalloon smallclothes, dark gray worsted stockings, easy square-toed shoes, with small silver buckles, and a large slouched hat with a close round crown, without the least nap, being often brushed, for cleanliness' sake, with the shoe, shining, or table-brush. He was well-known to all the fish-vendors in Lombard-court, Seven Dials, as a purchaser of fish for two; which provender he was not ashamed to carry home in a dark snuff-coloured silk handkerchief, always taking care to hold it in his right hand, that he might display a brilliant ring, which he said he wore in memory of his mother. The watchman shut and opened his shop." In the house at Chelsea, where he died, continues the author, "my father and I have often visited him. Independently of his knowledge of the origin of the artists of the last century, he was a well-informed person upon the general topics of conversation; and he has been heard to say, that he liked to converse with a man whom he could swoop an idea with. He was intimate with Hogarth, and frequently purchased pieces of plate with armorial bearings engraved upon them by that artist, which he cleared out for the next possessor; but, unfortunately for the Stanley collection, without rubbing off a single impression. This was not the case with Morison, a silversmith, who at that time lived in Cheapside; he took off twenty-five impressions of a large silver dish, engraved by Hogarth, which impressions he not only numbered as they were taken off, but attested each with his own signature. Should this page meet the eyes of any branches of the good old-fashioned families, which have carefully preserved the plate of Oliver their uncle, or Deborah their aunt, I sincerely implore them, should the armorial bearings be the production of the early part of the last century, to cause a few impres-

sions to be taken from them; for I am inclined to believe it very possible, that some curious specimens of Hogarth's dawning genius may yet in that way be rescued from future furnaces.—The following use was made of Hogarth's plates of the Idle and Industrious Apprentices, by the late John Adams, of Edmonton, schoolmaster. The prints were framed and hung up in the school-room; and Adams, once a month, after reading a lecture upon their vicious and virtuous examples, rewarded those boys who had conducted themselves well, and caned those who had behaved ill.—As Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens were now and then seen at Dr. Burney's *conversazioni*, which were extremely well attended by persons of title, I shall seize this opportunity of giving a few rather curious particulars and anecdotes, concerning both them and the doctor himself. At these meetings he was seldom present; for, being a very laborious man, he remained shut up in his study, unless they were truly brilliant, and he heard that Lord Brudenell, or some other great star was present, when he would immediately dress himself in his sword and bag, and, upon entering the room, observe that he had just left the Duke of Cumberland's. He, however, gave bad tea and worse suppers, for his polished table was disgraced by so poor an entertainment, that a dish of hard-baked pears had been nightly rejected to the extent of full six weeks. His terms for teaching music were half a guinea a lesson, and five guineas entrance. The late Lady Banks was one of his pupils; but he was considered by most men of true science as a very indifferent musician: Sir Joseph, who played the flute remarkably well, whenever he heard the doctor at the piano, always shook his head; this mark of disapprobation being also accompanied with a shrug of the shoulders. The Greek with which his labours abounded, was corrected, and indeed mostly provided, by the Rev. Mr. Twining; who held frequent intercourse with him as to his literary matters. Burke, who was uncommonly kind to him, procured him the situation of organist at Chelsea Hospital, with an increase of salary. The doctor was rendered uncomfortable beyond measure by the publication of a small work, in which he was ridiculed under the appellation of 'Joel Collyer.' Upon this squib, he, according to calculations, expended full two hundred pounds in buying up copies wherever they were offered for sale. George Steevens was charged with its authorship, which, by a smiling silence peculiar to himself, he knew very well how to appear to acknowledge; however, after the death of Mr. Bicknell, it was discovered, among that gentleman's papers, that he wrote it. The doctor lived for many years in Poland Street, but at the time he held his meetings, he resided in St. Martin's Street, Leicester Fields, next door to Orange Street Chapel, where I have frequently heard Mr. Toplady preach; and in the very house now standing, No. 36, in which Sir Isaac Newton lived, whose observatory still remains above the attics."

The following extracts relating to Fuseli, of whom we wish to hear much more, shall terminate our present notice. "It is well known that Fuseli could put forth his sting when he indulged his wit, as will appear in the following anecdote. Fuseli, hearing that Northcote, the painter, kept a dog, immediately exclaimed,

"Severe as Steevens was when speaking of those persons he avowedly detested, perhaps the following anecdote will exhibit the bitterest dose of his spleen of any recorded. When he was looking at a portrait of Sir John Hill, the herbalist, at my father's house, he exclaimed, 'He was the handsomest man in England, and the biggest scoundrel in the world.'"

\* "Whenever Dodimy displeased his master, he commonly threatened to scratch him, meaning out of his will, which he finally did, and gave his intended annuity of 30*l.* to his principal assistant, Mr. Goblet, as the *l'orgue-promised provision for himself and family!*"



'What? Northcote keep a dog! what must he feed upon? why he must eat his own fleas.' Severe as Fuseli was, I should be sorry to merit the lash of Northcote, for his thong would make any man's back tingle who dared to kick him viciously; indeed Fuseli has been known to smart at even the twitch of Northcote's retort-courteous.

"One day, as Fuseli, Northcote, and Legat the engraver, were walking from Hampstead to London, the two latter gentlemen were extolling the talent of Brown, the draughtsman who was so much noticed by Mr. Townley. Fuseli, after having listened to the artist's praise, exclaimed—'Well, Brown, Brown, we have had enough of Brown; let us now talk of Cipriani, who is in hell!' Cipriani had been one of Fuseli's best friends when he first came to England.—Fuseli, whose wit was at all times spirited and unexpected, upon entering the Antique Academy one evening, bruised his shin against one of the student's boxes which stood in his way; but instead of chiding the student who had left it there, he very good-humouredly cried out, drawing his leg up to his body,—'Bless my heart! bless my heart! well, I see one thing—I must now wear spectacles upon my shins as well as upon my nose.'—The students, whilst waiting to go into the schools one evening, were making so great a noise, that Fuseli came out of his office into the hall, and called out in a voice of thunder,—'By G-d! you are a pack of d—d wild beasts, and I am your bl—st—d keeper!' upon which some of the students laughing at the singularity of the expression, the old gentleman was put into so good a humour, that he went back without saying any thing more. Upon his entering the Model Academy, he observed the pieces of a figure on the ground:—'Who the devil has been doing this?' A tell-tale of a student, wishing to ingratiate himself with the keeper, told him it was Mr. Medland, who had broken it by jumping over the rail. However, the mischief-maker was disappointed by the good-tempered manner in which the communication was received by Fuseli, who observed—'Well, if Mr. Medland is so fond of jumping, I would advise him to go to Sadler's Wells; that is the best academy I know of for the improvement of agility.'—Rembrandt, who painted and etched his own portrait oftener than any other artist, in one of his pictures represented himself with so large a nose, that Fuseli exclaimed, upon seeing it,—'What a nose! why, his nose is as big as his face! Well, he was a fine fellow; I like to see a great man with a great nose. Richard Wilson had a great nose.'—A person wishing to see Mr. Fuseli upon business wholly concerning himself, was so close upon Sam Stowger's heels, that he announced himself, hoping that he did not intrude. 'You do intrude,' observed Fuseli. 'Then, sir, I will come to-morrow, if you please.' 'No, sir,' replied Fuseli, 'I don't wish you to come to-morrow, for then you will intrude a second time; let me know your business now.'—Mr. Northcote is in possession of a letter which he received from Fuseli when at Rome, in 1778, concluding with, 'Love me,—Fuseli.' Northcote, in his dry manner, when noticing this epistle, was heard to remark,—'A pretty creature to love, indeed! but I admire his talents.'—Upon one of the private days for viewing the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, Fuseli coming in contact with Nollekens, who at that time had a scorbatic eruption on half his mouth and chin, fell back, and said, 'Why, Nollekens, what the devil's the matter with you? you look

like Valentine and Orson united; one half shaved and the other not at all.'—The two following anecdotes were communicated to me by my worthy friend Mr. Cooper, the academician. Mr. Nollekens greatly annoyed the members of the Academy by coughing incessantly when they were engaged in re-touching their pictures, before the opening of an exhibition. As he was passing Fuseli, after coughing several times, he muttered, 'Oh! dear, I am sure I shall die!' to which Fuseli humorously replied, 'While you have a cough, Nollekens, you can never die!'—A student of the Academy, when shewing his drawing to Mr. Fuseli, assured him that he had finished it without using a crumb of bread. 'Take my advice,' said Fuseli; 'go and buy a two-penny loaf, and I think with that you will be able to rub it all out.'—Mrs. Fuseli being in a great rage, was advised by her husband to swear. 'Harriet, my dear, why don't you swear? it will ease your mind.'—Fuseli thus reprimanded one of the porters in the hall, for calling the students fellows: 'Fellows! I would have you to know, that those fellows, as you call them, may one day or another be academicians.'—One morning, two members of the Royal Academy, who had been disappointed in their wishes for the election of Fuseli as a member on the preceding evening, agreed to repeat their assurances of their future exertions in his favour. Accordingly, they made him a visit; and as soon as the door was opened, Fuseli, who stood in the passage, knowing how the election had gone, with his accustomed humour, fiercely exclaimed, 'Come in, come in!' but finding they continued to scrape their shoes, he again cried out, 'Why the devil don't you come in? if you don't come in, you will do me a great injury.' 'How?' asked one of them. 'Why, if you stand there, my neighbour over the way will say, 'I saw two blackguards stand at Fuseli's door; I dare say he is going to prison!'—Fuseli's severe criticisms upon the works of his brother artists were often so pointedly witty, that in some instances he rendered his best friends both uneasy and ridiculous.

\* I shall now close the few anecdotes respecting this great man, with a sincere wish that Mr. Knowles may soon favour the public with his intended Life of him, for the composition of which his close intimacy with Mr. Fuseli afforded him such excellent opportunities; indeed, I am convinced that no one is better qualified for the work, nor in possession of a richer mine of materials."

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*Gothic Furniture; consisting of Twenty-seven coloured Engravings, from Designs by A. Pugin: with descriptive Letter-press. 4to. London. Ackermann.*

We expected "better things" from Mr. Pugin, whose excellent works on Gothic Architecture, Antiquities of Normandy, &c. &c. led us to hope for a volume on the ancient manner of furniture, worthy of his well-earned reputation. It is not, however, from lack of genius, or want of knowledge of his subject, that Mr. Pugin has failed; for, as the proverb says, "*a Mercury is not to be carved out of every wood*;" and with all our admiration of the pointed style of architecture, we think its forms, of all others, the least available for articles of furniture. To say nothing of the absurdity of placing battlements, turrets, and pinnacles, on the backs of chairs, the numerous points and projections necessary to produce any thing like an architectural character, are not only incon-

venient, but destructive, particularly to female habiliments. Yet, if the mis-directed taste of the times calls for such anomalies, they must be supplied; and, in justice to Mr. Pugin, we should say, that his attempt is more successful than any other which has fallen under our observation.

It may not be out of place here to notice the mistaken perceptions of "upholders" on the subject of ancient domestic furniture. The only pieces which were formerly decorated with architectural devices, were the carved oaken coffers: the chairs, stools, tables, and bedsteads, were of Flemish or Florentine fabrication, and bore no resemblance to forms of buildings: the walls were furnished with splendid hangings of tapestry, cloths of gold, &c. and were movable from one residence to another, under the care of an artisan, who was also a domestic in the family, and called the "upholder." In the royal household, from the time of Henry VII. that duty was performed by six yeomen of the guard, who were, and are still, designated "yeomen hangers," though now their "occupation is gone."

We trust Mr. Pugin will turn his attention to these matters—no one would do them better—and give us a companion to his valuable specimens of Gothic Architecture. He will find sufficient authorities in illuminated missals, and in mansions of the Tudor period.

*The Protestant.* By Mrs. Bray, author of "De Foix," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, Colburn.

We do not think this at all equal to Mrs. Bray's previous productions; the narrative wants both interest and invention—it is a wire-drawn story, made up from incidents in the old chronicles. Neither can we very much approve the spirit in which the *Protestant* is written: that historical statement is untrue which lays the whole odium of persecution on one side; both parties exercised power when they had it, with all that tyranny of brief authority "which makes the angels weep." It is not from Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, &c. that our holy and mild religion will draw support; too much of human nature's worst passions are mixed up in the motives that actuate either side. Cruelty, obstinacy, vanity, are the most visible. We dislike the presumption which supports the stake, and abhor the bigotry which would hold up martyrdom as an acceptable sacrifice to the God of Mercy, or bring it forth as a proof of revelation—the weakest of all proofs—for the Christian does no more for his true faith, than the Hindoo does for his false one, or the Indian for no faith at all. But we are touching on matters which would require longer and deeper discussion than our pages can give; so to return to more literary criticism.—Mrs. Bray reads too much—it was better did she think more: in the mass of matter collected from history, invention is neglected, and individual interest is lost in general research. On the whole, we can best compare the characters in such pages to the figures in armour at the Tower, the harness is *point device*, as if just going to the tournament, but within there is no living being.

*Trials of Life.* By the Author of "De Lisle." 3 vols. 12mo. Edward Bull.

We must consider the author of this work to be possessed of considerable talents; there are often points of character well caught, sentiments well expressed, and language both feeling and graceful; but as a whole we think these volumes very faulty. In the first story, Lord Amesfort's Family, the writer does not seem well

to have made up his mind what his *dramatis personæ* are to perform, or appears as if he had got bewildered in his multitude of characters; the beginning is one of greater promise than is fulfilled by the end. Alicia, the second tale, is by far the best. But, altogether, we much doubt the benefit to be derived from narratives of such mingled sentiment and crime: a son in love with his father's wife, a girl the victim of her sister's husband, are pictures taken from the darkest sides of human life; and the purest morality, to our apprehension, would be to pass them over in silence, rather than familiarise the mind to either their parade of remorse, or the sorrow of their suffering;—the veiled statue of Iais is a useful hint to many a pseudo moralist over crime.

*The Spy Unmasked; or, Memoirs of Enoch Crosby, alias Harvey Birch, the Hero of the "Spy, a Tale of the Neutral Ground," by Mr. Cooper.* By H. L. Barnum. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828, A. K. Newman and Co.; New York, J. Harper.

Or the spirit in which these Memoirs are compiled let these different extracts shew for themselves. Speaking of the unfortunate and lamented Major André, the writer says:—"Let political expediency disguise it as it may, still the character of a soldier cannot be blended with that of a spy, without soiling the pure ermine of the former. And however his sovereign may applaud and reward the officer who tempts his enemy to treachery, there is something so foul in the constitution of the crime, that we cannot look upon him who seduces another to the commission of it, but as the instigator or propagator of crime. The breath of treachery gives a taint to the reputation of the man who but holds converse with it." Yet the tone suddenly changes when speaking of Captain Hale, an American, who "passed in disguise to Long Island, examined every part of the British army, and obtained the best possible information respecting their situation and future operations. In his attempt to return, he was apprehended, carried before Sir William Howe, and the proof of his object was so clear, that he frankly acknowledged who he was, and what were his views."

A sense of duty, a hope that he might in this way be useful to his country, and an opinion which he had adopted, that every kind of service necessary to the public good became honourable by being necessary, were the great motives which induced him to engage in an enterprise by which his connexions lost a most amiable friend, and his country one of its most promising supporters. The fate of this unfortunate young man excites the most interesting reflections. To see such a character, in the flower of youth, cheerfully treading in the most hazardous paths, influenced by the purest intentions, and only emulous to do good to his country, without the imputation of a crime, fall a victim to policy, must have been wounding to the feelings even of his enemies."

We have only to add, that we do not think either the interest or amusement contained in these pages warrant their being republished in England.

*The Gift of an Uncle; or, a short Description of some of the Peculiarities of the Animal and Vegetable World: with an Account of their first Introduction into this Country.* London, 1828. Joy.

A VERY interesting and well-written little volume, full of amusing yet most useful information, and one that we can recommend to the perusal of juvenile readers.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Nov. 10th.

*Vive les saints!* cried a cheating merchant, who was indebted to those holy personages for selling a pair of spectre turkeys for three times their value. I am also tempted to re-echo the prayer, as, were it not for the names which grace the saintly calendar, the dull monotony of pleasure (as it is misnamed) would be but little varied, and *enough* would undergo no change.

As usual, at the fête de St. Charles, the Champs Elysées were crowded; and one may say, in the literal sense of the words, "*Il y avoit un monde fou*;" had any uncivilised being arrived there at the hour of three o'clock, he must have supposed we had all escaped from Bedlam. The first object which attracted my attention was a white flag, on which was painted the sufferings of our Saviour Christ; and beneath them written in large letters *La Passion de notre Seigneur*. Close to this ensign of religion were a set of ambulating actors and dancers, looking scarcely human—however, they excited loud laughter, cheers, and encores. Further on was an orchestra, composed of seven or eight miserable-looking wretches, with swarthy countenances, who executed, or rather assassinated, beautiful Italian airs on cracked fiddles and two-stringed violoncellos, and brought forth sounds which grated on every nerve. The grand alley, as it is termed, was lined with booths, containing hand wares, soft wares, and merchandise of all kinds, for which there were lotteries established; and for the sum of two farthings, one had the chance of gaining two sous worth of gingerbread:—à propos, the great Napoleon was manufactured into *pain d'épice*, and anxiously sought for and devoured by the rising generation. He thus a second time, it was said by a witty admirer, experienced the fate of being annihilated by a race of little men. "*Des gâteaux à Lord Byron*," were cried about by an old Jew with a long beard, who seemed not to have speculated badly in giving the bard's name to his abominable compound. Unfortunately, though the day was fine, it was most unfavourable to beauty; a north-east wind stole the rose from the cheek, and placed it on the end of the central feature, generally termed *nose*—so that the whole of the company appeared to be disciples of Bacchus! Groups stopped every now and then to ask of other groups the never-ending question, *N'est ce pas qui fait froid?*—but still, they continued to walk to and fro, and chattered their teeth, until the warning hour of five o'clock—as though they had made a vow to shiver, shake, and look miserable.

The Minister of the Interior has offered a prize for the best poem on the subject of the King's visit to the provinces.

Mde. de Genlis is herself again, and is preparing a new work for the public, in the shape of Memoirs, I believe. I understand it attacks *messieurs les philosophes*. She is never tired of breaking a lance with these gentlemen.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PURE GLASS.

WE have just been assured, from apparently sufficient authority, that Mr. Herschell and Mr. Faraday have at last succeeded in their long-practised series of experiments for producing pure glass for optical purposes. It is stated to us, that these gentlemen have completely attained this most important scientific object, which must produce extraordinary results in the highest of all sciences—astronomy. We heartily congratulate the public on the disco-

very, and beg to pay the warmest tribute of our applause to the skill, assiduity, and ability, by which it has been accomplished.

*On the Possibility of a Journey by Land from Copper River to the Frozen Ocean and Hudson's Bay.*

From the Russian Journal *Sovremi Arkhy* (Archives of the North).

THE Russian possessions on the N.W. coast of America offer great facilities for the execution of such an enterprise. The Copper River, of which nothing is at present known but the mouth, might be the starting-place for an expedition by land, the object of which, independently of important geographical discoveries, would be the acquisition of new countries, abounding in copper and in valuable furs.

According to the accounts of the inhabitants, and of those who trade on the banks of Copper River, which is in lat. 60° N. and long. 144° W. of Greenwich, in the possessions of the Russian American Company, it rises on the side of some very high mountains; and the banks are inhabited by a mild and peaceable people called the Oogalakmoutes. At its mouth, near the bay of Tchougat, are the two islands of Soukli and Noutchik: in the latter there is a colony founded by the American Company, and its vessels go there every year to receive the furs which the inhabitants have collected during the season. A merchant of the name of Bajenof, who was sent by the director of the Company (M. Baranoff) to explore the source of Copper River, proceeded for about 300 wersts (200 miles), and was returning loaded with a prodigious quantity of specimens of native copper, which he had found on the banks of the stream, when he was stripped of the whole by an Indian chief, who feared that the Russians, if they were informed of the existence of these valuable mines, would make themselves masters of so lucrative a trade. Bajenof added, that he had visited another river which joins the Copper River, and is large enough to be navigable. At a small distance from that part, there is a lake, on the banks of which he saw so considerable a number of rein-deer, that, according to the account of the Indians, 12,000 might be killed. There are also great numbers of black bears, lynxes, beavers, and martens. Bajenof saw among the Indians a considerable quantity of native copper: he also learned, that to the north there is a pretty large river that falls into the ocean. You may go by water in a fortnight from the Copper River to the bay of Kenaik.

M. Klimofsky, another Russian merchant, who was sent by Lieutenant Yanofsky, and ascended the river for 200 wersts, furnished the Company with the following particulars.

The banks of the Copper River are covered with thick forests: it is not very fit for navigation, but might easily serve as a means of communication. The country about its mouth is inhabited by the Oogalakmoutes, beyond whom, at the foot of the mountains, are the Atnakmioutes (copper race), likewise a peaceable tribe. During the winter, many other Indian tribes, who live beyond the mountains, assemble to celebrate games, which continue for several months, and during which they exchange their commodities with the Atnakmioutes, from whom they receive trifling articles of hardware, which are procured from the Oogalakmoutes, who themselves obtain them from the Russians. Among the articles brought back by Klimofsky are specimens of the finest copper, and some false guineas, which must have reached these people from Hudson's Bay;

a fact which evidently implies the possibility of a communication between that bay and the Copper River. From these statements it appears that an expedition might be sent from Copper River to ascertain whether Asia and America are wholly separated; and to discover a means of communication between the American Company and the Hudson's Bay Company. The expedition might be composed of a superior officer, his secretary, a draughtsman and naturalist, and two sailors expert in the trades of a smith and a carpenter. It might proceed either by sea, by the ships which go every year to Kamtschatka, and thence to the isle of Sicks; or by land to Ochotzk, where it might embark in the spring for Copper River on board the vessels which annually perform the voyage to Noutchik. The first year would be spent in surveying that coast, and exploring Mount St. Elias; the expedition would then reach the mountains inhabited by the Atnsk-miutes, from whom the director of the Company should demand hostages: by this means the travellers might safely remain among those people for the winter, during which they would make themselves acquainted with the tribes of the remoter tracts, who assemble to celebrate the above-mentioned games; and by the help of such information as they would furnish, it would be easy to set out in the spring to make discoveries. The first attempt would be to reach the Frozen Ocean, and thence proceed to Mackenzie's River, which would lead to Hudson's Bay. The next step, if the government consented that the expedition, when it had reached Hudson's Bay, should return by the west coast, would be to discover a communication between that bay and Copper River. This latter part of the enterprise would probably prove the most easy of execution, and would ensure great commercial advantages to the Russian American Company, which has good reason to suspect the existence of rich silver mines in those countries.

#### ENCKE COMET.

THE atmosphere has, during the past week, been unfavourable for tracing this comet. On the evening of the 9th day the sky was alternately obscured and indifferently favourable for observation: on directing the telescope to that part of the heavens in which, by calculation, it is expected to appear, a faint nebulousity just illuminated the field of view; but this was of so indistinct and feeble a nature, as almost to leave the impression that the appearance was an optical illusion: though it is approaching the earth, and consequently ought to appear under a greater angle, there is scarcely a hope of its being seen till after the full moon. It is worthy of remark, that when it visited this part of the system in 1819, it could be observed in the evening twilight, when only five degrees above the horizon.

A sketch of the history of the Encke comet, from its discovery in 1786, will probably appear in the next *L. G.*

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, Nov. 8.—On Monday the following degrees were conferred:—

*Master of Arts.*—Rev. H. V. Hodge, Exeter College.  
*Bachelors of Arts.*—E. Pugh, Jesus College; C. W. Arnold, Exeter College.

Cambridge, Nov. 8.—On Tuesday last the Rev. Gilbert Aballe, Master of Pembroke College, was elected Vice-Chancellor of this University for the ensuing year.

The Sestonian prize for the present year is adjudged to the Rev. B. Smedley, of Sidney College, for his poem on *Paul et Esdras*.

The subject for the Norrisian prize essay for the ensuing year is—*The Doctrine of Types, and its influence on the Interpretation of the New Testament.*

#### FINE ARTS.

##### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

ALL who are conversant with the Fine Arts know how available the facility annually afforded in the British Gallery to the study of the most celebrated pictures by the old masters has been to the improvement of our younger artists. The rich display which appeared in the last exhibition in that Gallery is also well known. Of that splendid collection, the finest portion was liberally retained by the governors, for the purpose above adverted to. On Wednesday last, the day of the private view, we saw, as well as the gloominess of the weather would allow us to see any thing, the result of the labours of the students during the recent season. There are between three and four hundred copies and studies,—some large, some small; some of the whole picture, some of parts; some in oil-colours, some in water-colours; some excellent, some execrable. The favourite masters seem to have been,—as well they might be,—Velasquez and Murillo. In the present times, when the ascendancy of the Roman Catholic religion is so much apprehended, there is one rather alarming circumstance; namely, that there are not fewer than a dozen "Popes" in the Gallery: but then it may be justly alleged by the advocates of emancipation, that they are all "Innocent." We should likewise be in much pain for the morality of the Institution, when we behold such an assemblage of "Spanish Courtesans,"\* were it not that there are at least as many "Spanish Gentlemen," and that we are quite sure that the attentions of the amiable ladies will be bestowed on their swarthy and well-whiskered countrymen, rather than on the fairer-complexioned and less excitable natives of our northern clime.

But, "to fall into somewhat a slower method," we were really exceedingly gratified by some of the studies. Mr. Morton has made an admirable copy of the "Spanish Gentleman," by Velasquez; as have likewise Mrs. Pearson, Mr. Inskipp, and Mr. Fiske. Of the "Spanish Courtesan," by Murillo, there is also a very fine copy by Mr. Morton. That able artist has a third time distinguished himself by his imitation of "Innocent the Tenth," by Velasquez; and Mrs. Pearson and Mr. Fiske have produced two very successful pictures from the same original. Of the "Duchesse de St. Croix," by Vandyke, Mrs. Pearson has made a small, interesting study in oil, and Mr. C. R. Bone another in water. The "Water-Seller," by Velasquez, has been copied with great talent by Mr. Buss; and Miss Alabaster has made a clever little study from it. The last-mentioned lady, Miss Wroughton, and Miss Corbux, have been very successful in their imitations of Julio Romano's "Holy Family." Two small but sweetly executed pictures in water-colours have been produced from Guido's "Cleopatra," by Mr. T. George and Miss Kendrick. One of the finest works in the rooms is Mr. F. Lee's copy of the celebrated "Landscape, with Cattle," by Hobbima and A. Vandeveldt. It possesses the extraordinary freshness and nature of the original; and is, in fact, what all we have heretofore seen from Mr. Lee's pencil would have induced us to expect. The "View on a Canal, with Passage-Boats," by Cuyt, has been closely imitated by Mr. Hastings; as has also the "Cattle in a Landscape," by the same delightful master, by Mr. Earle and Mr. Fensell. Of "A Lámeklin, with Figures," by

Teniers, there is a clever copy in oil, by Mr. Novice; and another clever copy in water, by Mr. C. R. Bone. Mr. Fiske has paid his addresses to "Titian's Daughter," and has proved a happy suitor. Of the "Outside of a House, with Figures," by De Hooze, Mr. Du Jardin has produced an excellent imitation. Mr. Hurlstone has imparted a kindred fire and spirit to his study from Rubens's "Battle between Constantine and Maxentius." Mr. Passmore, who, we understand, is only fourteen years of age, has copied "The Fox and the Crane," by Snyders, with surprising felicity. The tone of colour, and the execution, are admirable. The same young artist commenced a study of Canaletti's "View in Venice," which, if we may judge from its present state, would have done him the highest credit, had he finished it. There is a pretty study, by Mr. Cartwright, of "The Embarkation of St. Paul," by Claude. But we must pause; not, however, without being sensible, that among the performances which we have not noticed there may be many richly deserving of praise.

We now come to the ungracious part of our duty, that of censure. We have applauded in detail; but we have too much regard for the feelings of individuals to be as circumstantial in our condemnation. Suffice it to say, that there are in the Gallery a number of deplorable and disgraceful productions.\* Some are evidently the offspring of imbecility; others of presumption. The latter are, of course, the more offensive. We were especially disgusted with several miserable affairs, of which we understand that it is boasted they were struck off in a few hours! As if art could be carried by storm! As if there were any other means of arriving at excellence than that of patient labour, acting under the guidance of sound judgment! We have often thought that the story of the horse-painter of ancient days, who, having in vain attempted to obtain a certain effect with his pencil, at length succeeded by desperately throwing his sponge at the canvass, has done infinite injury to young artists, who are too apt to prefer any course to that of steady industry and persevering application. The real moral of the tale escapes them. They forget, that all that such wild and fortuitous execution could produce was—foam!

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Anniversary for 1829.*—From our knowledge of the taste of the Editor of the *Anniversary*, and of his extensive acquaintance among artists, we anticipated that the illustrations of his volume would be of a very superior character; and our expectations have been completely realised. Most of them are jewels of the first water; and there is not one of them which is not far above mediocrity. "Psyche," engraved by J. H. Robinson, from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is a fascinating specimen, engraved in the most masterly manner, of the elegance of the President's pencil, when employed in the imitation of a lovely and noble original. "The Author of Waverley," engraved by E. Goodall, from a picture by W. Allan, A.R.A. The picture was painted from sketches made for the purpose in Sir Walter Scott's study at Abbotsford. It is a charming little print. "The Lute," engraved by C. Rolls, from a picture by R. P. Bonington. Highly interesting, not only in itself, but as (we understand) being the last composition of the highly-gifted young artist, of whom a premature death has deprived the world, at the very moment when, having conquered most of the difficulties

\* This name, however, need hardly have been given in the catalogue. "A Spanish Girl" would have done as well, and saved the lady-students a blush in copying.—Ed.



of the art, his genius was evidently about to unfold itself in unclouded splendour. "Morning," engraved by E. Goodall, from a picture by W. Linton. One of Mr. Linton's finest classical compositions, and one of Mr. Goodall's richest and sweetest works. "Evening Twilight," engraved by E. Goodall, from a drawing by G. Barrett. Mr. Barrett's favourite subject, handled in his best manner. The effect of the dimness and neutrality of the terrestrial objects, as compared with the luminous tone of the sky, has been admirably preserved by Mr. Goodall. It is absolute painting. "Newstead Abbey," engraved by R. Wallis, from a picture by F. Danby, A.R.A. A scene of profound and delicious repose, exquisitely engraved. "Fonthill," engraved by T. Crostich, from a picture by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Nothing can be more picturesque and beautiful than the composition, both of forms and of effect. Mr. Crostich has engraved it with congenial taste and feeling. "The Ear-rings," engraved by C. Rolls, from a picture by M. A. Shee, R.A. A figure of great simplicity and beauty, clearly and powerfully rendered upon the steel. "The Travelled Monkey," engraved by B. P. Gibbon, from a picture by E. Landseer, A.R.A. The amusing production from which this print has been so ably engraved, must be fresh in the recollection of the visitors to the Exhibition at Somerset House. "The Young Cottagers," engraved by H. Robinson, from a picture by T. Gainsborough, R.A. Mr. Robinson has adhered with great fidelity to the characteristic qualities of his fine model. "Pickapack," engraved by C. Rolls, from a drawing by R. Westall, R.A. If there be one subject of purer and more gratifying contemplation than another, it is the manifestation of maternal love and infantile delight. There is less of manner in this interesting design of Mr. Westall's than is usual with him. "The Snuff-box," engraved by H. Robinson, from a picture by F. P. Stephanoff. A graceful and elegant composition; liable, however, to the remark which we have before made on some of Mr. Stephanoff's works, namely, that he carries the principle of diminishing the proportion of the head to the figure to excess. "The Little Gleaner," engraved by E. Finden, from a picture by Sir W. Beechey, R.A.; "The Blackberry Boy," engraved by W. Finden, from a picture by W. Hamilton, R.A.; "Chillon," engraved by R. Wallis, from a picture by C. Stanfield; "Beatrice," engraved by S. Sangster, from a picture by H. Howard, R.A.; and "Love me, love my Dog," engraved by W. Greatbatch, from a picture by J. Hoppner, R.A., are all very pleasing. Nor must we forget the vignette title, engraved by W. R. Smith, from a design by C. Stanfield; and the two presentation vignettes, engraved by J. Thompson, from designs by W. Harvey. The last mentioned are among the most extraordinary and exquisite engravings on wood that we ever met with.

*A Series of Views in the City of Bath.*  
Drawn on stone by W. Gauci, from originals by A. Woodroffe. Part I. C. Duffield, Bath: Engelmann and Co. London.

This publication is to be completed in three Parts, each Part containing six prints. We are much pleased with the views in the first Part. They are faithful; the light and shade are skillfully managed; and the execution is at once neat and spirited.

*The Interior of Saint Mary's Church, Bury.*  
Drawn by F. Mackenzie, engraved by H. Le Keux. Bury, Newby: London, Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THE names of the artists are a sufficient assurance of the excellence of this fine print, which has been engraved expressly to commemorate the musical festival for the benefit of the Suffolk General Hospital.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### THE COMPLAINT OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

*A Vision.*

OUR sapient common-council men  
Have passed a stern decree,  
That London's ancient Gothic bridge  
Shall shortly cease to be.

One eve, reflecting on this act,  
I sought old Thames's marge;  
The waning moon shone fitfully  
On wherry, punt, and barge.

The antique bridge, but dimly seen  
By Luna's pallid beam,  
Seem'd like a baseless fabric wild  
Of some fantastic dream.

I stood long musing on the scene,  
Like one transfixed by spell;  
I thought, had but that bridge a tongue,  
What wonders might it tell!

Scarce had the thought occur'd to me,  
When lo! I seem'd to hear,  
A hollow voice borne on the wind  
Which murmur'd in my ear:

"Frail child of earth, attend to me,"  
It said, or seem'd to say;  
"I am the genius of yon bridge,  
Which soon must pass away."

To thee I will unfold my mind,  
For thou art not of those  
Who wish my downfall, and have brought  
My being near its close.

They're city cormorants, that feed,  
Like chickens in a coop,  
On ven'son, turkey, sav'ry chine,  
And green fat turtle soup.

How different from the hardy race  
That stretch'd me o'er the flood!  
A truss of straw composed their beds,  
Their pillows logs of wood.

Few foreign dainties graced their board—  
Roast beef was ever there;  
Plum-pudding too, and wassail strong,  
In which to drown old Care.

Their weak descendants o'er me pass  
Like spectres pale and wan;  
How alter'd from the bold and free—  
The ruddy English man!

I've stood five hundred years alone,  
A holy monk's renown,  
Adorn'd with towers and battlements,  
Old Thames's mural crown.

But rivals have sprung up of late,  
Which flout me to my face,  
And I, though stout rear'd of old, to them  
Pardie must now give place.

Seest thou yon unsubstantial thing  
Through which the moon doth gleam;  
'Tis like a mighty skeleton  
Stretch'd o'er the river's stream.

This morn I heard a dreadful sound  
Loud thundering in my ears,  
Of sinking piles whereon to found  
My future rival's piers.

What revolutions have I seen  
Since first my head was rear'd!  
What generations of mankind  
From earth have disappear'd!

Your Edwards and your Henrys too  
I've seen with kingly pride,  
Begirt with mail-clad barons fierce,  
In triumph o'er me ride.

Eliza of the 'lion port'  
My fancy still recalls;  
Full oft she cross'd me with her court  
To seek fair Greenwich halls.

And I have tuneful Chaucer seen,  
And all his pilgrim throng,  
Who rode with him to Becket's shrine—  
They still live in his song.

When Rival Roses shook this isle,  
My battlements oft bore  
The sever'd head and mangled limb,  
On spikes beameared with gore.

And I have seen beneath me glide,  
At midnight's awful hour,  
With muffled oars, the traitor barge  
Bound for yon bloody Tower.

I've witness'd monarchy once quell'd  
By the republic's sword;  
This in its turn I saw expell'd,  
And monarchy restored.

When the red scourge o'er London rag'd  
Of all-consuming fire,  
I heard the crash of house, and tower,  
And battlement, and spire.

I've seen grim death triumphant reign,  
I've heard the shrieks of woe,  
When Pestilence stalk'd through the streets,  
And laid her thousands low.

But soft! I scent the morning air:  
Let what I've said be penn'd;  
More might I add, but time would fail,  
So here shall be an end."

As ceased these sounds, from Paul's high fane  
The mighty deep-toned bell  
'Pealed on the drowsy ear of night'  
The past day's parting knell.

*Hendon, Middlesex.*

#### BIOGRAPHY.

MR. THOMAS BEWICK, the celebrated wood-engraver, died on Saturday last, at the age of 74: though at so advanced an age, he seemed, from his being strongly built, to have many years' wear and tear in him. He was, however, subject to gout; and it was probably a spasmodic attack which carried him off, as he was at work a day or two before upon a publication of Fishes, similar to his Birds.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHARACTER AND ANECDOTE.—NO. XIII.

*Tit for Tat.*—The passengers on board an Aberdeen smack were most grievously annoyed by the nocturnal visitations of myriads of hungry bugs. These little blood-suckers were so incessant in their attacks, that to close an eye was utterly out of the question; nay, so severely did some suffer, that in the morning, when all hands were mustered in the cabin, their physiognomies were to be recognised with considerable difficulty! One night their agonies became so intolerable, that they bellowed out to the master of the vessel, "O, maister! maister! they're biting us!" "Wha the deil's biting ye?" cries the master. "O, sir! the d—d bugs." The response of the master, if not consolatory, was admirably laconic: "Weel, care fell ye, canna ye bite them again?"

**Queer Theatricals.**—Some time ago, an advertisement appeared in one of the Glasgow papers, intimating that Messrs. Kean and Young were to act on that evening only. The doors of the theatre were very early besieged by a numerous host, anxious to witness the performance of these far-famed tragedians. After waiting a comfortable length of time, they were favoured with the agreeable information, that the theatre would not be open for a fortnight, and that, as far as could be ascertained, the much-wished-for brace of histrionic worthies were at that moment electrifying the natives of the Emerald Isle. A discovery was soon made of the hoax; and the consequence was, that its author was under the necessity of taking a very unceremonious and abrupt leave of the good people of the western capital. The scene was laid on a scaffold in front of the town jail. The *dramatis personæ* who trod the boards were, sooth to say, two personages ycleped Messrs. Kean and Young; the one enacting, with a truly laudable gravity, the honourable character of Jack Ketch; and the other delineating most powerfully and expressively, the feelings of mingled rage and anguish, under the inspiring influence of a cat-o'-nine tails—"a gentle visitation" for laying his unhallowed paws on sundry cocks and hens, the property of an auld wife living at the *toon's end*.

#### ANECDOTES OF UDE.

UDE was, we are informed, originally intended for the church. His destiny was afterwards strangely altered. An abbé, who was his instructor in his early years, became an object of popular hatred, which, as usual, extended itself to all connected with him. Passing along the street, Ude was recognised, pursued by a host of assailants, and took refuge in a baker's shop. The man, touched with compassion, concealed him in a cold oven, and assured the pursuers that he had escaped from the back. Ude remained for safety with the baker, was initiated in the system of his craft, and transferred to a son-in-law, a cook, in the Rue St. Antoine. Hence he was removed to the royal kitchen, and became chief cook to Louis the Sixteenth.

**Ude and M. Perifleur.**—The two Dromios were not more alike than Ude and a certain M. Perifleur, a hanger-on about court, in the days of Louis Seizième, when Ude was Cuisinier Royal. Perifleur, who had produced a heavy book of Poems, which nobody would read, was accosted by a man of quality as Ude, who had just published his Cook. "Ah, well! you are a clever fellow; I have read your book." "Indeed! and pray Monsieur—" "Oh, excellent! admirable! full of goût!—a palatable book!—it ought to be in every kitchen in the kingdom." The equivocally sounding compliment had nearly led to an affray; but some one interposed, and an *éclaircissement* took place.

**The Pâté d'Amour.**—The pastry-cook of Bagdad ruined himself by omitting an unheard-of ingredient in a cream-tart. Our old friend Ude is said to have had as sad work when in Paris, by the insertion in a *pâté* of an article at least as strange. Ude had fallen in love—a frailty incident to gods and cooks—and matters were nearly brought to matrimony. Previous, however, to his taking this last measure, Ude prudently made a calculation (he is an excellent steward) of the expenses incidental to the state of bliss, and in the estimate put down Madame's expenditure at so many Louis. Now it was customary with M. Ude to convey his

billets in the envelope of a pasty-work; and having made up his mind to commit marriage, he wrote to his intended, with an offer of his hand and heart, and this note was intended to be shrouded in a *Pâté d'Amour*; unfortunately, in the confusion of love and cookery, the estimate of housekeeping was sent instead of the proposal. The next day M. Ude was apprised of his mistake by the receipt of an epistle from his mistress, stating the high estimation in which she held M. Ude; but that as—Louis were too small an allowance for a woman of fashion, she must decline the honour of becoming Madame Ude. The story got wind, and, by a sort of *lucus-a-non-lucendo* analogy, the equivocists of Paris changed the name of *Pâté d'Amour* into *Pâté d'Amour*.

#### DRAMA.

##### KING'S THEATRE.

IMMENSE exertions are being made by the active Laporte (who is now, we believe, in Italy) to open the Italian Theatre in January with the utmost *éclat*. The newspapers mention the engagement of M. Lablache, the first bass singer at Vienna, of whose powers they give a glowing account. We have also been informed, that, besides Sontag (who, report says, has added a little Sunday to the week since she left this country), the celebrated Pesaroni and Mallebranche have been secured. The latter is our quondam and charming favourite Signora Garcia, greatly improved in every respect; and the former enjoys, as all the world knows, the highest reputation upon the stage, in spite of a countenance to which "ordinary" might be applied as a compliment. In other departments similar exertions are in operation.

##### DRURY LANE.

WE have seen Miss Phillips in *Mrs. Haller*, and are much pleased with her: the first dozen lines we heard her speak in *Rienzi*, convinced us that she had "a soul and sense;" and though we do not yet see any thing to throw us into such ecstasies as have characterised the accounts of most of our critical brethren, our opinion of her is certainly heightened by this second effort. We have so great a dislike to the play, with its *faded* sentiment, its equivocal morality, and its eternal pocket-handkerchief, that we consider our sitting out the five acts to be a tolerable proof of the gratification we derived from Miss Phillips's performance, the great charm of which is its freedom from any thing like affectation. If she be really as young as it is reported, there is certainly much to hope from the gradual development of her person and powers; and, at all events, we hail with sincere pleasure the appearance of an actress who always understands what she says, even though she may sometimes fail in saying it forcibly. We are anxious to see her in some character more suited to her age, her appearance, and her modesty.

On Tuesday Miss Russell attempted the character of *Lucy Bertram*; and the unequivocal symptoms of disapprobation which were manifested but too frequently during the evening, must have tolerably convinced her injudicious friends of the folly of thrusting this poor young girl upon the stage, without a single requisite for her profession; and of almost ensuring her failure, by advertising her as "a young lady of great musical promise." Braham made his *entré* on the same evening, and was in capital voice; but introductions were the order of the night; and, with the exception of "Rest thee, Babe," and the concerted pieces,

scarcely a note of the original music was permitted to remain. Mr. Braham sang a ballad, "I prithee give me back my heart," "the death of Abercrombie," "the King, God bless him!" and "Scots wha hae." Miss Love sang "I've been roaming," "My own blue bell," and a most indescribable effusion entitled "The hunter's signal horn is sounding," which was enough to drive us *horn* mad. We will never cease uplifting our voice against this absurd and destructive practice, even though it enable Braham to delight our ears at the expense of our judgment; and he never was in finer voice than on this occasion. Songs are now positively lugged in between the scenes, as they used formerly to be between the acts at Astley's, without their having the slightest relation to the subject; like the changeable figures at the Théâtre du petit Lazary, where, after every five minutes of dialogue, an English sailor dances a hornpipe, or a grenadier is changed into a grampus.

*Guy Mannering* was followed by a new farce from the pen of Mr. Lunn, entitled *Rhyme and Reason*. Of plot it has little to boast; but there is much fun in the dialogue; and Liston, who is one of the "handy" family, may "back himself against any man in England," for making one laugh, which is the great end of all such entertainments. It is not, we think, equal to some of Mr. Lunn's former efforts; but it was favourably received, and will continue, we trust, for a long while to keep audiences in good humour.

##### ADELPHI.

THE *Pilot* has been revived at the Adelphi, in such force as to cram the house, in spite of fogs and bad weather, every night during the week. Mathews, in the *Yankee Riglar*, is superb; and with the musical part elevated by the delightful talent of Sinclair, the whole seems to be rather a new and far superior piece than a revival. We need not remind our readers of T. P. Cooke's unequalled *Long Tom Coffin*; only that it appears to be increased in spirit and effect by the vigour which is displayed around him. Mathews introduces several capital comic songs; and the whole is a rich treat.

MR. MACREADY is on a provincial tour, embracing Sheffield, Edinburgh, &c. which will occupy this admirable performer till Lent. We have always to express our regret when we see such eminent talent annoyed by newspaper paragraphs, which seem to be as false as they are illiberal; of which kind we have lately observed several instances, first obscurely started, and then running the round of the press. We feel it, on the contrary, to be a public duty to cherish the Macreadys, the Youngs, the Kembles, and similar ornaments of a profession which administers so much to the public delight; and we consider it a public injury to attack or depreciate them unjustly.

#### VARIETIES.

**Vinegar.**—It is found that the gastric tympany, or the inflation which sometimes takes place in the stomachs of horses, cows, or sheep, in consequence of an excess of green food, and of the gas thereby produced, and which cannot escape, may be frequently relieved by vinegar, which puts an end to the production of the gas.

**Antiquities.**—The Yorkshire Gazette states that some interesting antiquities of Saxon and Norman architecture continue to be uncovered in excavating the ruins on the Manor shore.

The stamp duty upon almanacks for 1828 amounts to 30,106*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.*; which, at fifteen pence each, gives a circulation of 451,593.—*Daily Papers.*

*La Pérouse.*—A report is in circulation that Captain Dillon, of the St. Patrick, has brought to this country some relics of La Pérouse, with his sword guard, &c. The account from a New South Wales paper is written in so inflated a manner that we cannot make out what is meant.

*London University.*—The lectures, on various subjects, delivered at the University, are not only well attended, but continue to excite great interest. It may now be said that the machinery is fairly at work, with every prospect of successful movement.

Edinburgh is about to try a literary weekly journal, under the editorial care of Mr. Bell. From the prospectus, it appears to be pretty much on the plan of the *Literary Gazette*, except that it undertakes religious and political discussions—very dangerous topics to mix with general literature. We shall, however, be very glad to see our northern ally; as every new work of this class must conduce to the diffusion of intelligence, and a taste for the better enjoyments of our nature. While mentioning a projected journal in this city, we ought perhaps to notice one that has been some time in existence—the *Edinburgh Saturday's Post*, a very able paper, of which a distinct and well-written portion is allotted to literature and science, under the title of the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*. We have received much information from this publication.

*Conundrums wholesale and retail.*—Having set a number of our brethren of the periodical press crazy with the rage of conundrums, it is now time for us to take our leave of these very entertaining and instructive compositions: we therefore throw in a few of the last very bad, and exit with a flourish.

Why is a whirlpool like a jack-ass? Because it's an-eddy.

Why is the main-spring of a watch the same when you break it as it was before? Because it's a last-tick (elastic).

Why would a man's second son make better wine than his third? Because he's an elder.

Why is a man who beats his wife like a quack medicine? Because Elix-ir.

Why is going to a pawnbroker's like the coping of a garret? Because it is top-ledge.

Why is an Irish horse like the last article in the lading of a ship? Because it makes a car-go.

Why is a female fairy like me? Because she's Miss-Elf.

Why is a flat denial of an assertion useful with short breeches? Because it's a knee-gaiter.

Why is a woman who destroyed her sister by a blow, like a small-beer vessel near a larger spirit-cask? Because she's kill'd-her-kin by a rum punchoon.

Why are flatterers like undutiful nephews? Because they are sycophants—sick of aunts.

Why are kings like ladies' horses? Because they can't err.

What vegetable may the present period be called? The Cab-age.

Why is marriage like truth? Because it's a certain-tie.

Why is a man who continually feeds the poor like one who never does so? Because he has chary-table ideas.

Why is Mr. Henry Hunt like a person who has left off tea, coffee, cocoa, and roasted corn? Because he has taken to chalk-o'-late.

Why is a stick-shop-man sure to deceive you? Because he's a bamboo-seller.

Why would the present Lord Chancellor if he were swallowed by a whale, be like Sir Francis Burdett? Because he'd become a baron-eat.

Why are clumsy servants like the sea among rocks? Because they're breakers.

Why is a cow's tail caught in a barn-door, like the theory of blowing a penny trumpet? Because it's part of *acousticks*.

Why are quiet fishermen like men engaged in abusing each other? Because they're angling!

And, last of all, Why is a piano-forte like a pair of tongs? Because it is not a fire-shovel.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

*The Newspaper Press in France.*—In one of the French periodicals there is an account of the newspaper press in France, which, although very imperfect in some of its details, contains many particulars of interest. It is stated, that the circulation of one of the Paris papers (the *Constitutionnel*) exceeds 22,000 daily, and that the profits are nearly 750,000 francs per annum. Supposing the statement as to the circulation to be correct, the amount of profit is not overrated, as will appear from the following calculation:—The charge for the *Constitutionnel* to the subscribers is 50 francs per annum, per copy; and the expense of paper, with the stamp duty, which is 5 centimes to government, and a farther arbitrary duty by the police, amounting probably, on the average, to 1½ centimes, is about 30 francs; leaving a profit upon the sale of each paper of 44 francs, or, for the sake of round numbers, 40 francs, which will allow for the expense of the delivery in Paris. This upon 20,000 copies would be 800,000 francs for the year, from which we are to deduct the following expenditure, which will be found pretty near the reality:—

|  |          |
|--|----------|
| To a rédacteur en chef (principal editor), who, in addition to a regular salary, has a certain sum per article, and an interest in the paper .....   | £ 20,000 |
| To sub-editors, or, as they are called in France, rédacteurs, under which denomination come the translators of foreign papers, and literary contributors .....   | 20,000   |
| To reporters, of whom there are seldom more than three on each Paris paper .....   | 20,000   |
| The expense of the office and clerks, &c. of whom seven or eight are sometimes kept, as the accounts of a French paper are extensive, the copies being furnished to subscribers direct from the office; and not, as in this country, through the agency of newsmen, who take all the trouble and risk of the collection of the accounts from their customers, whilst they themselves pay for their papers in ready money ..... | 20,000   |
| The expense of foreign correspondence, which, to a paper like the <i>Constitutionnel</i> is very heavy, say, on an average .....   | 20,000   |
| To which we will add, for information of various kinds, and for disbursements of every description .....   | 30,000   |
| The expense of printing and press-work .....   | 40,000   |
| The allowance to agents in the country for collection, and bad debts, say 5 per cent. ....   | 40,000   |
| Interest upon capital in types, presses, &c. ....  | 10,000   |

Making a total of 200,000 francs, which will leave a net profit of 600,000 francs per annum, or about 25,000*l.*, to which is to be added the profit upon the advertisements, which, as they pay no duty to government, and are charged at the enormous rate of a franc per line, cannot yield less than 3000*l.* per annum; making a total profit upon the undertaking of 28,000*l.* per annum. It should be noticed, that in the estimate of the expenses here given, many circumstances peculiar to such a paper as the *Constitutionnel* are taken into consideration. The usual expenses of a Paris paper are by no means equal to those of a respectable London evening paper, which, exclusive of the stamp and cost of paper, run from 100*l.* to 120*l.* per week; and the probability is, that even those of the *Constitutionnel* (leaving out of view the expense of collection) do not exceed 6000*l.* per annum.

A curious comparison may be drawn between the *Constitutionnel*, the leading Paris paper, and the *Times*, which is the principal paper in London as to size, contents, and expenditure.

The *Constitutionnel* is not much more than a third of the size of the *Times*, and it contains less than 12,000 words, whilst the *Times* averages more than 65,000. The *Constitutionnel* has only three or four reporters; and the *Times* has from 14 to 16, at regular salaries of five or six guineas per week each, besides a host of penny-a-line men, to whom are paid probably upon an average three or four pounds per day for the matter supplied at three-halfpence per line. The printer's bill of the *Constitutionnel* cannot exceed 25*l.* per week; that of the *Times* must be nearly 120*l.* A circulation of only 5000 copies of the *Constitutionnel*, taking the average expenditure of a Paris paper,

would yield a small profit to the proprietors; whilst it requires for the *Times* a circulation of more than 8000 per day to cover the ordinary expenditure; for although the French paper is sold at little more than a third of the price of the *Times*, the net profit upon one, after deducting the amount of stamp duty and paper, is almost as large as that upon the other, whilst the expenses, striking a fair average, are at least four times heavier. It is not, perhaps, at all generally known, that of the sevenpence charged for a large London newspaper, little more than three halfpence go to the proprietors. For the paper and stamp duty nearly fourpence halfpenny are paid; and as the papers are delivered to the newsmen at thirteen shillings per quire of twenty-seven papers, the return price to the proprietors is less than sixpence per paper. It would be impossible for any London newspaper with the expenditure necessary for carrying on a concern so as to meet competition, to obtain a profit from a circulation of less than 7 to 8000 per day. It is only from the advertisements that they can derive a profit; whereas in Paris, as we have before stated, a paper even without advertisements may keep its course with a circulation of 5000. The *Constitutionnel*, and one or two other papers, in which great liberality is displayed by the proprietors, must be excepted. These papers, like the *Times*, having obtained by various means a large circulation, endeavour to maintain it by liberal expenditure. The profits to a London newspaper like the *Times* from the advertisements are very large, since we find, on referring to a file, that the *Times* yielded in duty to the government for only two days in November, the sum of nearly ninety pounds; and the profit to the paper, taking an average upon long and short advertisements, must certainly have been considerably more than 120*l.* for two days, at a season of the year which is considered the very worst for advertisements. There are no profits like these in Paris as to advertisements; but then it should be remembered, that it is only within the last two years that advertisements have been admitted into the French newspapers. The *Journal du Commerce* has frequently a page of advertisements; which at the Paris charge of one franc per line would yield 12*l.* to 13*l.* profit; and the profits upon the advertisements in the English newspaper printed in Paris have been calculated at 60,000 francs annually. Looking at the smallness of the expenditure of Paris papers generally, and of their returns when established, and then comparing them with those of the London newspapers, it will be acknowledged, that the employment of talent and capital in this way in France turns to better advantage than in this country.

*In the Press.*—A Second Book for the Instruction of the Students of King's College: consisting of Lectures and Examinations.—[We should remark that the preceding publication was a satirical work, and a pamphlet.—Ed.]  
Mr. J. Jones, the author of "Longinus, a Tragedy," &c. has in the press a tragedy entitled the *Stepmother*.  
Tales of Woman, designed to exhibit the female character in its brightest points of view, are announced for early publication.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Stark's Elements of Natural History, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 12*s.* bds.—Murray's Manual of Chemical Science, second edition, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Beauties of De Sales, 18mo. 6*s.* bds.—Griffith on Seamanship, 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Trials of Life, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Joachim's Memoirs, English, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Protestant by Mrs. Bray, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Jolly (Bp.) on the Services prescribed by the Liturgy, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.—Surrene's French Translator, crown 8vo. 6*s.* sheep.—Statutes at Large, Part II. 4to. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Archbold's Common Pleas, 2 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Tuson's Compendium of Anatomy, 18mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Thomson's Suggestions to Young Attorneys, 18mo. 1*l.* bds.—Cloquet's Anatomy, translated by Dr. Knox, 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Richmond's Annals of the Poor, new edition, fcp. 7*s.* bds.—Judge Hall's Letters from the West, 2 vols. 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Tales of the Great St. Bernard, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Man of Two Lives, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* bds.—Phillips's (Sir R.) Personal Tour, Part I. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* sd.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

|              |    | Thermometer.    | Barometer.     |
|--------------|----|-----------------|----------------|
| Thursday ..  | 6  | From 30. to 49. | 30.06 to 30.04 |
| Friday ....  | 7  | — 37. — 50.     | 29.96 — 29.90  |
| Saturday ... | 8  | — 33. — 40.     | 29.89 — 29.83  |
| Sunday ....  | 9  | — 28. — 47.     | 29.70 — 29.60  |
| Monday ....  | 10 | — 27. — 30.     | 29.49 — 29.48  |
| Tuesday ...  | 11 | — 25. — 34.     | 29.48 — 29.56  |
| Wednesday .. | 12 | — 19. — 37.     | 29.56 — 29.56  |

Prevailing wind N. and W.  
Except the 9th, generally cloudy and foggy.  
Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.  
Latitude ..... 51° 37' 39" N.  
Longitude .... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATA.—In last No. page 706, col. 1, the reference to the note at the foot of the column should have been after the comet of Gambart.—Also, page 517, col. 2, line 5, for "impacting" read "impasting."

\* The fog from six this evening till midnight was so dense as to render travelling very dangerous, and was the cause of several accidents. The intense cold of the succeeding morning is also worthy of particular remark, the mercury having fallen 20 min. below the freezing point.



## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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